

Chatelaine

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Babies and Children

TEN CENTS

MARCH, 1943



Sugaring-Off

The Red Cross Needs YOUR Aid



***Your* RED CROSS CALLS TO YOU**

Never has the need been so urgent

\$10,000,000 NEEDED Now!

YOUR RED CROSS appeals to you for funds to carry on its program of mercy; to continue vital war work performed by no other organization. Never has the need been so urgent.

Helping to keep up the morale of half-a-million fighting men is a gigantic task, and that is only the beginning. The Red Cross makes life more bearable for thousands of prisoners of war. Over 2,000,000 parcels were shipped to them last year—more than this number must go in 1943. Our men in British and Canadian hospitals need Red Cross comforts and heartening

visits from the staff of Red Cross "visitors".

Red Cross help to shipwrecked sailors is essential, thoughtful, immediate. Homeless war orphans—our own kin and those of our allies—sick and starving men and women in many lands—millions in Russia, Greece and China and other peoples of the United Nations—need more food, medicine and comforts from the Red Cross.

The need is world-wide; this year the cost will be greater than ever. The work *must* go on. Obey the dictates of your heart; open wide your purse and be generous. Remember, *you* are the Red Cross!

CANADIAN RED CROSS

GIVE—human suffering is greater than ever

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny, dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny, dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



Safety-first for Beauty. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Generous jars, to give you many, many Night Caps—50¢, 25¢, 16¢.

Buy War Savings Certificates and Stamps

Janet's Powder Base is Woodbury Foundation Cream. It gives make-up lovely smoothness. Special Creams you may need are Woodbury Cleansing Cream for oily skin; Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for a skin needing extra lubrication against dryness, lines.

MADE IN CANADA

BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH...

.. and Our Boys Love It



New York does everything in a big way, and that goes for the entertainment of lads in uniform, wherever they're from

By HELEN CUMMING

IT ISN'T every day in the week that a fellow can sit down and discuss the weather with the Lunts, that almost legendary couple of the American stage. Or exchange a brisk quip with Katharine Hepburn over a cup o' coffee. Or stumble through the conga with a front-line chorus girl. Or get a bang-up meal in one of the world's smartest restaurants — just because he wears the King's uniform.

But on that particular day when he happens to be on leave in New York City—dropped there by his ship or en route to or from some special training camp, or just enjoying one of those brief breathing spells occasionally permitted by the gods-of-war—on that day he stands a good chance of having all these things happen to him, and more also.

For New York, glittering metropolis of the western world, has become a happy mecca for any and all Allied fighting men. "Give 'em a good time and let 'em know New York is a friendly city!" That's what Mayor LaGuardia said a year and a half ago when the New York Defense Recreation Headquarters set up shop at 99 Park Avenue to entertain all servicemen of the United Nations on

leave. Since then a million and a half men have found out that he meant it, and that New York, as always, aims to please.

Every train that empties into Grand Central Station brings men in many patterns and hues of uniforms. First taste of hospitality they encounter is in the canteen, up the sweeping marble staircase overlooking the vast expanse of station. Here they get the American doughboy's favorite snack: coffee and doughnuts—the routine (and popular) introduction to the big town and its hand of greeting.

From that point the visitor is steered on his course to the Park Avenue address. Every lad in uniform who's had a leave in New York can tell you about that place. Canadians know it well. Boys breeze in from Iceland and from the South Seas . . . from convoy duty on the chilly Atlantic . . . from the Mediterranean theatre, from Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, from the West Indies and China. Almost any day you're likely to see men of several different colors, half a dozen races, all creeds and all services. Every one of them is welcome.

+ Continued on page 2



"Dear Mother, Having wonderful time in New York on leave," writes this Canadian seaman from a corner of N. Y. Defense Recreation Headquarters.



The library at the same address is a popular spot. Here's a young lad from the Toronto Scottish looking over the line-up of current best-sellers.

dian voices from Ottawa and Winnipeg. The rounds of applause you've been hearing too are the real thing—those lads of yours in khaki and air force blue are popular down here.

Fred Waring makes a big hit with the servicemen, and so does Fred Allen. The Toscanini broadcasts and the Philharmonic concerts at Carnegie Hall (for which thousands of old-time New Yorkers would give their eyeteeth to attend) always have their sprinkling of visiting uniforms. Radio City Music Hall is, of course, a "must" on the list of things to do, and so is at

they have made arrangements for visiting servicemen to go deep-sea fishing, ice skating, roller skating, swimming, fencing, to join in tennis, bridge, bowling and even dancing lessons. "Where can I get a bed for 50 cents?" "How do I get to the zoo?" "How do I meet girls?" Those are some of the questions asked a thousand times daily—and the answer to the last one is the list of 3,000 good-looking, well-mannered New York girls (all unmarried) who are official hostesses for parties sponsored by 99 Park.



Two R. C. A. F. boys have a friendly chat with a Polish U. S. A. flight-sergeant in the lounge at 99 Park Avenue.

least one night spot. Or maybe two. With no cover charge, or at most a low minimum charge (at some places the men can sit a whole evening through over a milk shake or a bottle of pop, even if they don't care for American beer), they get around to hear Hazel Scott's boogie-woogie stuff, or the elegant Hildegarde's songs, or to look at celebrities at the Stork Club.

ASK ANY Canadian what his top preference is and ten chances to one he'll answer, "See the Maple Leafs play at Madison Square Garden." Ask him what places he wants to see and he'll mention these four in this order: The Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Radio City, and a night club.

The most fantastic requests have yet to stump the smart girls at 99 Park Ave. Within the past six months

from all the Canadian cities and talk with his own brothers-in-arms.

Far and away the most constantly jammed centre in the city is the Stage Door Canteen, where tired leading ladies, mascara dripping down their cheeks, do kitchen fatigue, and first-line chorus girls make smooth dancing partners. The men consider this a superdooper place, and no wonder, with its big-time stars, big-name bands and general atmosphere of good time. The Stage Door is open every night from 5 p.m. to midnight.

"Gee, if I had to spend the money on the wonderful time I've had on my week's leave in this town, it would have cost me \$200," said one enthusiastic Seaforth Highlander from Vancouver "But, honest, all it cost me was subway fare and my nights' lodgings."

So there you are.

Anybody got a leave coming up?

SHE'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIGGEST JOB ON EARTH!



JUST outside the window, aircraft are warming up, taking off, coming in. Those keen young airmen are tomorrow's fighting heroes. Wouldn't you like to be there to help them on their way? As an airwoman in the R.C.A.F. you'll see them come in as students; you'll be there to applaud when they get their wings.

A few months later you'll see their names in the headlines. Then you'll remember how you helped them on their way. You issued them their parachutes; recorded their flying time; prepared their meals; kept weather records for their safety; brought in their supplies in transports; carried on the stenographic work of the station; despatched secret teletype messages, worked at other interesting jobs.

The R.C.A.F. needs girls, ages 18 to 45, with at least High School Entrance. Apply at your nearest R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, bringing proof of education and birth certificate. NO WAITING! EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROMOTION.

Girls needed at once for these and many other duties: Book-keepers . . . Photographers . . . Teleprinter Operators . . . Clerks . . . Cooks . . . Stenographers . . . Join now—that men may fly!

Send for this free booklet about airwomen in the R.C.A.F. Write to Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Building, Ottawa, or the nearest Recruiting Centre listed below.



Enlist today in the

Recruiting Centres at:

Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, North Bay, Windsor, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Moncton, Halifax.

RCAF

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

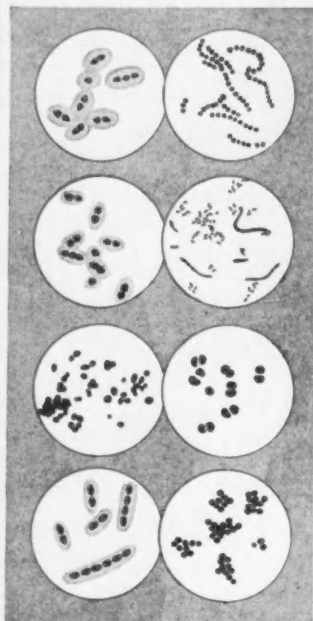
Recruiting Centre Hours:

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturdays 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS RESERVED FOR WOMEN APPLICANTS ONLY.

WD-8M



Left hand column, top to bottom: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. Right hand column, top to bottom: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.



THE "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders," millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

At the first symptom of a

Cold or Sore Throat—gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

This prompt precaution may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity. Tests made over a period of 11 years disclosed this impressive result:

That regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did catch cold the infection was usually shorter-lived and less severe.

We believe that this must be due to

Listerine Antiseptic's action—its ability to kill millions of germs called the "secondary invaders." These may exist by millions on the mouth and throat surfaces and are the types responsible for many of the troublesome aspects of a cold, according to numerous authorities.

So, at the first symptom of trouble gargle Listerine Antiseptic quick.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

NOTE HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS



The illustrations show the height of range in germ reductions noted in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Actual tests showed reductions of

bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

MADE IN CANADA

Continued from Inside Cover

If he wants a Canadian cup of tea, he gets it. If he hankers for a rhumba, there's a smooth partner ready. Manhattan sets out to show a good time to every visiting serviceman.



At the famous Stage Door Canteen a couple of Highlanders from Canada compare skirt-lengths with their hostesses for the evening — two girls from the front line in the chorus.

NEW YORK knows its advertising, of course, and one of the first moves this Headquarters made to attract guests was to design a poster, as follows: "Enlisted men on leave! You have a date with New York. Call at 99 Park for information on theatres, rooms, dances, sports, amusements generally. New York wants you to have a good time." That message has been plastered on countless barracks' walls and in ships that sail the seven seas. The men have taken it at its face value—and they haven't been disappointed.

Open-handed generosity on the part of theatre managers, movie magnates, sports promoters, concert producers, Metropolitan Opera, observation roofs, sightseeing tours has made it possible for men in uniform to see the best New York has to offer. Restaurants give free meals, night clubs offer cut rates. As far as dances are concerned there are several from which the men may choose every night in the week.

naval rating as he asked about shows. "It's my last night on leave and I want to laugh!" So he got what he wanted at Olsen & Johnson's "Sons O' Fun."

The boys queue up early for tickets to Gypsy Rose Lee's "Star and Garter," to see Ray Bolger dance in "By Jupiter," and to watch the Lunts frolic in their latest Broadway success, "The Pirate." They like musical shows best, light comedy next. "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Blithe Spirit" always win over such melodramas as "Angel Street" and "Uncle Harry."

They got a big thrill out of the "Met" with its gold and red plush box seats, and the experience of hearing such stars as Lily Pons and Grace Moore and Melchior.

TICKETS FOR movies and radio broadcasts are always available. You have no doubt listened in on crazy quiz shows and other happen chance radio entertainment and heard Cana-

THE ONE-TIME fashionable brownstone mansion which houses the Headquarters is staffed entirely by voluntary help—about 200 women, all young and attractive. They help the lads plan their 48-hour leave or whatever. Operating on the principle of first come, first served, they hand out matinee tickets in the morning, and by four p.m. most of the evening reservations have been allocated. It's a poor day when less than 3,000 boys line up for their requests.

"I don't want anything sad," said one Canadian



They don't pay any money, but they do take their choice. A young hostess at 99 Park Ave. points out the current N. Y. attractions.

Chatelaine for
MARCH



DON'T STAY TOO LONG

By CONSTANCE J. FOSTER

It all started over a friendly cup of tea in Mrs. Crandall's drawing room when Hon made that innocent remark about the bassinet.

BE GLAD you belong to the human species, darling!" Midge said. "Remember what we learned about mother whales and elephants!"

Hon groaned and both girls' jaws continued to move up and down grimly on the perpetual wads of chewing gum that were a concession to their pregnancies. Nothing else disguised the brown taste so effectively.

Victoria Crandall, pouring their tea, looked mildly scandalized at her daughter's levity. But what can a woman do when she has brought a child up on facts instead of cabbages and roses? Midge had majored in biology at college, and her bosom friend, Honoria Lord, still did part-time laboratory work at the hospital where she was trying to train an assistant before taking her maternity leave. Modern girls were different. Babies used to be little strangers and blessed events. But Hon and Midge talked glibly on the subject of genetics and yet were not a whit less sentimental about their babies than the old-fashioned mother who had never heard of comparative anatomy and general biology.

The two girls had dropped in for tea and an exchange of news about their young officer husbands. Hon was already parked at home with her folks for the duration, and Midge was trying to sublet her small apartment which was just around the corner from the Crandalls' comfortable three-story house. They were planning to redecorate the small hall bedroom at the top of the stairs as a nursery. Already Vicki's mind was busy choosing a soft dusty pink for the walls, and hanging white dotted Swiss curtains at the single window that looked out on the backyard vegetable garden.

"Have you decided on a crib or a bassinet?" she asked Honoria, ringing the bell for Hilda to bring more hot water.

The tall blond girl sat up excitedly and pushed the damp hair back off her forehead. It was at the stringy stage between permanents, but she was waiting another month so it would see her through her confinement.

"The grandest find! Didn't I tell you? Up in the attic! Mother found my old bassinet under the rafters, and we're going to cover it with yards and yards of that nice permanent finish organdie and stick a whopping big satin bow on the top. The Victorian touch is all the rage. Why don't you hunt up Midge's bassinet, Aunt Vicki, so the two babies will match?"

A SILENCE, as empty as if it had been strained through cheesecloth, fell on the back parlor. Hon made it worse by clapping her hand over her mouth and moaning strickenly, "Oh, my gosh, I forgot!"

Victoria Crandall's hands, busy with their Red Cross knitting, did not drop a stitch. But her heart skipped a beat, for her quick eye had caught Midge's momentary recoil. Always the perfect hostess, Vicki had a swift word to put things right.

"We've all forgotten, Hon," she smiled, and turned cheerfully to her adopted daughter. "Let's go shopping for the frilliest bassinet we can buy, darling."

Midge's color was high, her voice just a shade too high.

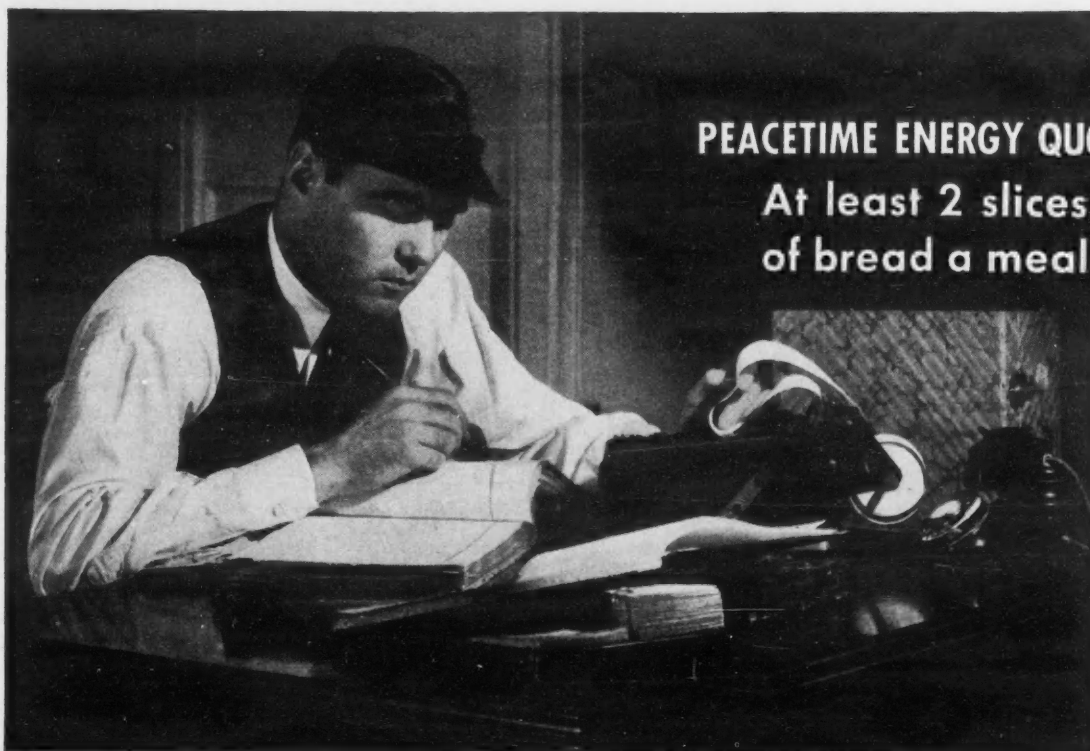
"Mercy, I refuse to announce my condition to the whole neighborhood by the arrival of a bassinet. Besides, I've decided on a crib. It's more sanitary."

The awkward moment passed. Hon drew a deep breath, helped herself to a second scone and relaxed against the hammered satin pillows. It was stupid of her to have blundered into conversational quicksands when she knew perfectly well that Midge's first three years had not been spent in this comfortable home with Victoria and Julian Crandall.

VICKI WAS remembering, too. Such a scrawny, wretched little thing the child had been that winter afternoon when she and Julian brought her home. Pipestem arms and legs, matted hair the color of straw until a shampoo had released its flyaway golden glints, eyes too big for the solemn baby face that stared back from the pier glass mirror in the big front bedroom where Vicki found her the next day, pointing a stern finger at her own reflection in the glass and admonish-

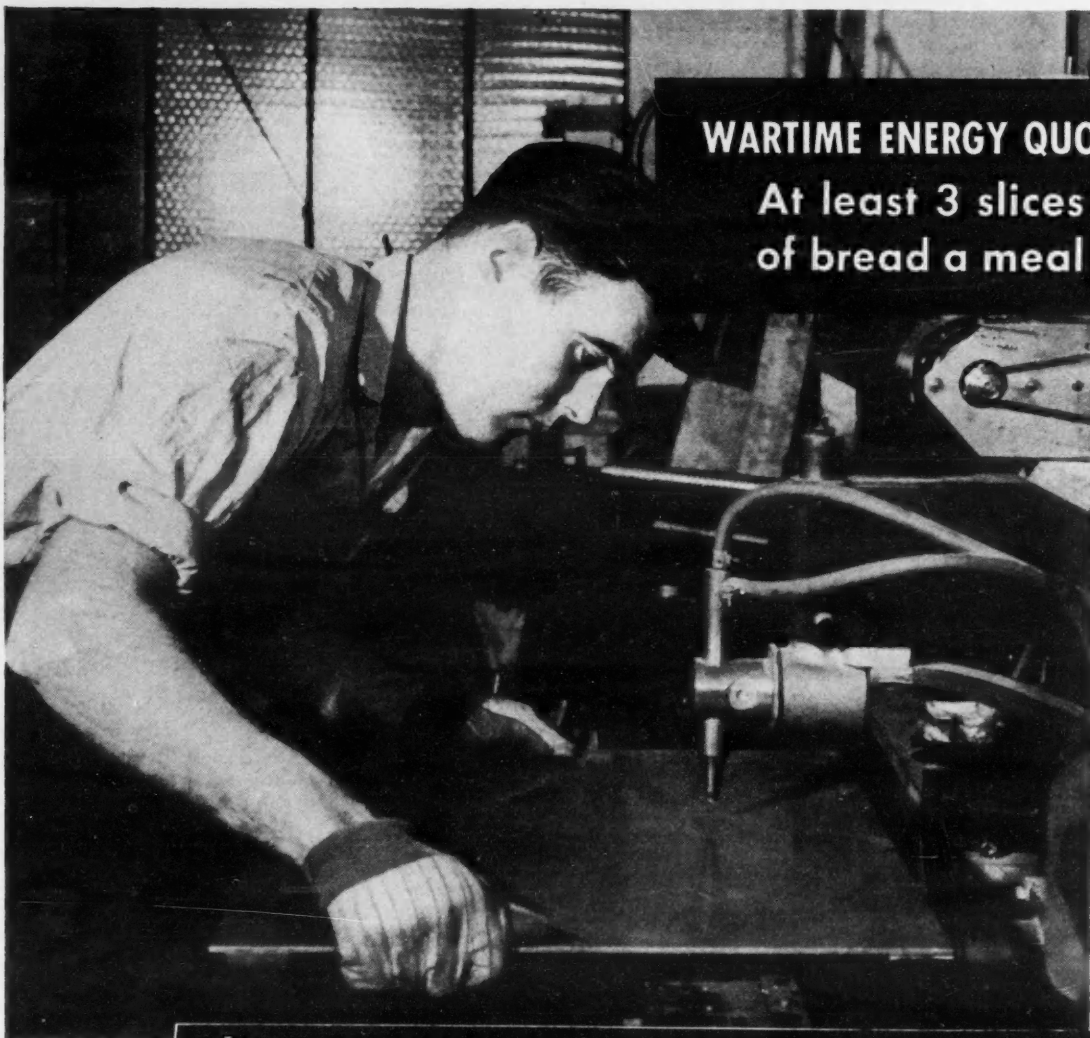
IN WARTIME

eat one more slice of Bread each meal!



PEACETIME ENERGY QUOTA

**At least 2 slices
of bread a meal**



WARTIME ENERGY QUOTA

**At least 3 slices
of bread a meal**

FIGURE it out for yourself—the difference in energy needed for last year's peace job . . . and this year's war job. If you were a "sitter" last year, six slices of bread a day were enough.

If you're a metal worker now—if you "stand and lift"—six slices of bread a day are no longer enough.

Even if you're still holding down your old job and doing overtime . . . you're working harder.

You are spending more energy . . . you need more energy-food! And that means more bread—the best and cheapest energy-food there is.

The full-flavored, golden-crust bread your baker provides costs so little and rates so high in energy-food value. You waste no time or effort in preparing it . . . none of it is wasted in the body—it's all *used*.

And bread produces *longer-lasting* energy than other carbohydrates. It "stays with you" till next mealtime.

Bread is almost solid energy. In wartime you work harder—you're energy-hungry—reach for at least one more slice of bread each meal.



BUY WARTIME ENERGY FROM YOUR BAKER

The bread your local baker supplies takes on a new importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.

*Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to the advancement of
Canadian National Health*

1/4 OF CANADA'S FOOD ENERGY COMES FROM BREAD!

Mothers aren't born. Only babies are born. Mothers are made by days and nights of caring and hoping and believing. Midge found that out while she waited for her first baby--that difficult time when a girl needs her mother

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



than they owed her, and Vicki was intellectually honest enough to admit it to herself.

No, there were times when a wise woman kept her silence and groped her way with those she loved.

"He's not really sick—just sniffly, darling. But it wouldn't do for you to catch it. Yes, of course I remember. It was your Aunt Maud—the one who took care of you when you were a baby. We lost track of her years ago. I think the building was torn down to make room for one of those new housing developments. I sent her an invitation to your wedding, but it was returned to us after a week or so."

Vicki clung to the edge of the hall table after Midge had gone. Julian mustn't know. He had been opposed to her taking the child on those weekly expeditions to her mother's sister.

"Just raking up the past," he had fumed. "I don't see the point of it. It's best buried and forgotten. They gave her up, didn't they? She belongs to us!"

But Vicki had felt that she owed it to the little girl

not to deprive her of what family remained to her. Until Midge herself objected.

"It's such an ugly place," the five-year-old had decided with the smug complacency that stemmed from her new acquaintance with Aubusson carpets, flowers on mahogany tables and candlelight playing on fine china. "Besides, Auntie calls me 'Gladys.' I'm not Gladys. I'm Mar'j'ry."

So they had not gone there any more. But that had only closed a chapter, not ended the book. Life was a serial story, and in the next episode she, Vicki, must take a hand at shaping the plot without knowing whether it was to have a happy or an unhappy ending.

Once before Midge had dispatched her on this same errand. It was soon after she had come to them and she had been naughty—so naughty that Vicki had to punish her for deliberately pulling up the valuable bulb in the garden. The tiny girl, flushed with anger and tears, had stamped her small white slipper and pointed an imperious finger at her.

"I wish," she stormed, "I wish that you'd go away

and find my real mamma for me." Then a kind of blind panic had seized the child, and she had dashed herself into Vicki's warm waiting arms.

"But don't stay too long," she had pleaded. "Oh, mummy, don't stay too long!"

VICKI PRESSED the back of her hand against her eyes, there in the darkness of the quiet hallway, and whimpered a half-shaped, frightened little prayer.

"Please don't let me have to stay long . . ."

In the morning she was up early. Leaving Julian with a good mystery novel and Hilda to look after his frequent wants, she set out for the other side of town. The building had been pulled down, but a woman in the basement of a house across the street gave Vicki a crumpled slip of paper with a faded address which she fished out of a bowl on a dusty ledge in the kitchen.

"It's a good six years ago though," she added dubiously. "She mightn't be there any more."

She wasn't. But there was another address, supplied by the superintendent, and then another, and another.

Vicki wound up in mid-afternoon at a dingy rooming house which, like the woman who opened the door for her on the cluttered third floor back, had seen better days.

"Yes, of course I remember you. You're the lady who took Gladys. My, you look younger and prettier than ever! It's having enough money that does it. Just look at me! Getting old is bad enough without being poor to boot. Come in, won't you?"

Her manner, admitting Vicki to the dark room, was suspicious. Plainly she expected the visit to disclose some ulterior motive. Life had been too hard for her to trust it.

"Only the other day my poor sister was talking about the child. She'd like mighty well to see her. But she don't feel that she has the right. Now that her husband is dead and gone, she realizes that she made a mistake in giving her up. Of course. I'd be glad to put you in touch with her. Well, it's only natural that mother and daughter would want to see each other. Blood's thicker than water, as I always say."

(Blood's thicker than water. Is it? Is it thicker than all the times I washed her hair, and put bandages on cut knees, made cookies for her, read stories and cut out paper dolls when she was sick in bed, smocked her little dresses for first grade, held her hand when they were giving her the ether for her tonsil operation, helped with fractions, did without a fur coat the winter business was bad so she could have silver slippers and a new evening dress for the Christmas dance. Is it? Oh, Midge! I've gone as far with you as you needed me. Now you want your mother. I'm sending her to you, darling. This time I may have to stay long. Forever, maybe.)

Midge had just shut the hall door on the young Navy wife the next afternoon when the phone rang. The girl liked the apartment, but the nerve of her! She wanted to rent it furnished, just as it was, with all the things that were Midge's last link to Young.

"We have nothing of our own," the bride admitted cheerfully. "We married on a shoestring, and of course, petty officers don't earn enough to dash out and buy a lot of furniture. So I have to take a furnished place. Please, Mrs. Hutchison—it's so sweet here. I'd be terribly careful of everything and handle your china with kid gloves."

Midge promised to let her know later. Putting the things in storage wouldn't make her feel any nearer to Young. Still she hated the idea of having anyone else use them.

She answered the telephone mechanically without prescience of joy. Vicki's voice had a top layer of cheerfulness, carefully superimposed on an underlying tiredness, like frosting smoothed on to cover a fallen cake.

"Listen, darling. It's a long story but brace yourself for a surprise. Your—your mother is here with me. Yes, at the house. She wants very much to see you. I think she needs you. You see, she's all alone in the world . . ."

(Better to put it that way. Better to pretend that it wasn't because you'd guessed what your child wanted—just as you gave her gifts at Christmas based on broad hints you pretended not to have noticed. Oh, Midge, I'm lonely already + Continued on page 18

ing it in a thin childish treble, "You—Gladys Brill. Me—Mar'j'ry Crandall."

"Oh, my darling!" Vicki had cried, gathering her up in her arms.

Behind that cry lay ten years of futile hoping which had finally been dashed to pieces by the doctor's verdict. She and Julian loved children, and the forlorn little mite at the Children's Aid had walked straight into two hearts that were overripe from long waiting for all the things that a child means. Laughter and tears, toys to stumble over on the landing, smeared fingermarks on walls, spilled mugs of milk, "shushes" at nap-time, muddy rubbers, lost mittens, storybooks, roller skates and hair ribbons.

That had been nineteen years ago, and no one remembered now that Midge had ever been anything but Marjorie Crandall with lots of beaus, and then young Mrs. James Archibald Hutchison with two adoring parents and a lieutenant husband who was outrageously handsome in his uniform.

Midge herself seldom thought of the Gladys Brill interval. Consciously at least the first three dreary years of her life had left no mental pictures that projected into the present. Her earliest recollections centred around the sunny back bedroom, opening off Vicki's and Julian's, where candy-striped wallpaper, like peppermint sticks, and frilly white curtains framed a little girl's happiness with toy dishes and a large family of dolls.

Of course there had been a few bad times, like the Sunday afternoon when Julian had told Young. (Midge always called him that because he was, amusingly, a whole six days younger than she was!) The two men had been closeted together in the library for half an hour while Midge tried to read a book and saw nothing in front of her eyes but a black and white blur.

"It isn't," she kept reminding herself fiercely, "as if I'd been left in an ashcan. Young can't mind too much. Oh, don't let him mind! I love his hands, and his mouth, and the spot on the top of his head where he's going to be bald some day. I don't want to grow old with anyone else . . ."

Then the door had been flung open, and there was the log fire crackling cheerfully, and she was in Young's arms again with everything miraculously just the same between them.

"Darling goon!" he had teased, yanking a curl down over her forehead. "Don't you know that ancestor worship isn't practiced in this country? Besides, after you march down the church aisle, you'll belong only to me, and don't you forget it, woman."

Well, she *had* marched down the church aisle. But Young's leave had given them just two ecstatic weeks together in the tiny walk-up apartment, surrounded by their five shiny toasters, innumerable bud vases and Quimper dishes.

Now because she saw him only on his rare hurried week ends, she was trying to rent heaven to some stranger for the duration. And the Midget was due in another five months. Quite suddenly the nameless unrest that had been disquieting her for days focused with a dreadful and relentless clarity.

I'm going to have a baby and Vicki isn't enough. I want my own mother.

INSTANTLY MIDGE hated herself for the traitorous thought. But even while she was trying to scotch it, she found herself nursing it into new vigor by her critically impersonal study of the slim lovely woman who sat in the big chair by the now dismantled tea table. Vicki's body was barren. It was alien to the strange processes that had taken over Midge's glands, enslaving them so that she no longer belonged to herself but to the universal purpose.

(She can't possibly understand as Hon's mother does. We don't even speak the same language. When I tell her about the sharp keen way things smell, the funny taste in my mouth, the silly craving for home-made mayonnaise, licked off the egg beater—it's like describing colors to a blind person. Only my own mother would know. Where is she? I want her. I want her terribly.)

The idea became a driving obsession in the week that followed. It washed over her in a great tidal wave, breaking her moorings and setting her adrift so that she was all alone. Midge fought against it, squaring her chin and telling herself that it would pass, like

morning sickness. Pregnancy was apt to give women foolish notions about lots of things. Some of them admitted a little sheepishly to a secret passion for dill pickles or out-of-season strawberries. Perhaps hers was a hidden spiritual hunger instead of a physical one.

"Vicki is my mother," she insisted firmly, "and I adore her. She's been heavenly to me. I can never forget."

But still the ache waked with her in the morning and spoiled the fun she usually had in washing the sun-dipped colors of her gay peasant breakfast dishes. It went to market with her while she hefted grapefruit and pinched lettuce for the firmest head.

The afternoon it rained and kept her house-bound, Midge took out the box Vicki had given her on her twenty-first birthday. The tears which were so near the surface these days fell on the diminutive coat and bonnet she had been wearing when the Crandalls took her home.

Both garments were a thick ugly brown and yellow plaid, obviously cheap and shoddy. They must have made an already scrawny little girl look like something the cat had dragged in! But there must be something she could lay hold on and say, "That proves I was loved! That shows she didn't want to give me up!"

A hem turned up by hand—a rip mended—a missing button replaced with one that almost matched . . . Midge's fingers explored every seam and even ripped impatiently at the lining. But there was nothing. The little coat and bonnet remained mute. They volunteered no clue to the past or to the woman who had once fastened them on a little girl for the last time, taken her by the hand, led her down the street, up a flight of stairs, and through a door marked Bureau of Child Placement.

Midge knew the story, or what there was of it to know, when she grew old enough to ask questions.

"She had to work, dear," Vicki had explained, choosing her words carefully. "Your father died when you were only six months old. Then your aunt kept you for awhile. But it got so she couldn't afford to take care of you any longer. Little girls need so many things—custard and warm bathrobes and new shoes. So your mother decided to be very brave and do without you so you could have all the pleasant things she couldn't buy for you."

(Then your aunt kept you for awhile . . .)

Midge found a dim memory taking shape in her mind. There was some place Vicki had taken her to visit—a dreary sunless basement with dust in rolls in the corners of the room and a canary bird hopping around in a cage, but never singing. They had gone there quite often, Midge's small white-gloved hand in Vicki's cool glazed kid one. Midge had hated the late afternoon call at the drab tenement building, but now she remembered the tall gaunt woman whom she had called "Auntie." It must have been a relative, her mother's sister probably, the one who couldn't afford to look after her.

(I wouldn't hurt Vicki for worlds. She's been so good to me. I do love her. But she wouldn't think twice about it if I asked where it was she used to take me. She'd just think I was reminiscing about the good times we used to have, buying hot chocolate afterward in the drugstore on the corner because that basement was so chilly that we came out with our teeth chattering. I do need my mother. And my aunt might know where I could find her.)

VICKI'S CHEERFUL voice gave no hint of the frightened stab of pain at her heart. Maternal intuition is not confined to biological motherhood, and the gentle woman with the grave dark eyes had not listened nights for a child's even breathing for nothing.

"You're positively uncanny," Hon's mother had once insisted. "You seem to know when Midge is coming down with something, at least twenty-four



The two men were closeted together in the library while Midge tried to read a book and saw nothing in front of her but a blur.

hours before there is the first sign of sniffles or spots!"

But this was an ailment that hot lemonades, head pads and bed for a few days would not cure. Always Vicki had known that some day the test would come, and now she braced herself spiritually to meet it.

Midge's casual question, when she dropped in to enquire about Julian's cold, confirmed Vicki's vague presentiment. Much as she would have taken aspirin for a physical pain, Midge had seized on the bunch of roses in the florist's shop. She would make peace with a troubled conscience by bringing an offering. Vicki did not miss the implication. She knew this child of hers. Even as a tiny girl Midge had presented her with a favorite doll when she wanted to be forgiven for some minor transgression. It is the simplest and most elemental of all the instincts and dips back in history to the drift of smoke from sacrifices burning on ancient altars.

It would have been cheap and easy to fall back on the gratitude of Midge's warm young heart. But to remind her of all that she and Julian had done for her was beside the point. The child owed them no more

Answer

IN NEED

Clothing...

IF ANY one thing more than another has become the symbol of Canadian Red Cross work in wartime, it's a pair of socks on the way to completion. Canadian women have turned the heels on close to three million socks since the war started. They've turned out more than four hundred thousand scarves, and as many caps and helmets. They've knitted six hundred and twenty-two thousand mitts and gloves, and thirty-six thousand body belts.

All in all, it adds up to more than three and a half million knitted garments alone. But that's just part of the stuff that has kept a million Canadian women busy with knitting needles and sewing machines all over Canada. They've provided more than twenty million articles to soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied nations.

They've supplied—those million women—more clothing to the Canadian armed forces than any other voluntary organization. And clothes

as well to our Allies—the Russians, the Chinese, the Free French—as well as to thousands of refugees from conquered countries.

They've sent twenty-four hundred cases of clothing and supplies for evacuee children, bomb victims and hospital cases in Britain. They've sent over seven million articles of clothing to patients in military hospitals alone.

Much of the relief sent to Russia (two million dollars worth), to China (a quarter of a million), to Poland (a hundred thousand) has been spent in warm clothing.

It isn't just the quantities that count, either. There's been more than warmth and comfort and snugness in those dresses and sweaters and skirts and children's suits and coats and slack suits and nightgowns and pyjamas that have gone to Britain and the other countries. There has been smartness and gay color and a shininess of buttons and gallantry of ribbons.

The stitches have said, "You deserve the best we can send."



+ Fighting French sailors, somewhere on the high seas, receive bundles of warm clothing from Canada, through the Canadian Red Cross. They are part of twenty million articles of supplies sent by the Canadian Red Cross to the armed forces and suffering civilians.



+ Somewhere in Russia, close to the front lines, a surgeon cheats death as blood serum from Canada is transfused to the wounded soldier. Two hundred thousand men and women, like the girl at left, have given their blood to help save the lives of fighting men. This year it is hoped to increase Canadian blood donations to twelve thousand a week.

Life Itself...

STRANGE, ISN'T it—to be able to give of one's life for another, through the miracle of modern science, and still keep it?

Today thousands of Canadians, through the Red Cross, are pouring out their rich, red blood so that it may revitalize the fighting men and women—soldiers and civilians—of the Allied nations.

Last year the people of Canada donated two hundred thousand half-pints of their blood to the Canadian Red Cross; and that blood went to Britain, to Russia, to Libya, to Malta, to Northern Africa—to save the lives of hundreds of wounded fighters.

Each blood donation amounts to seven eighths of a pint—and that's close to one eighth of the individual body's blood supply.

Canadians are now making blood donations at the rate of six thousand a week. But it is hoped to double that number this year, for the need for human serum is unending. It is the new hope of the battle front—the life-out-of-death for thousands.

Besides blood plasma, Canada has provided an unending stream of drugs and hospital supplies. Five

and a half million surgical dressings—many of them made by volunteers—have gone to battle through the Canadian Red Cross. That represents something like six hundred and forty miles of gauze.

To Russia alone have gone three hundred and eighty-one miles of sheeting, and more than a hundred and fifty thousand yards of pillow cotton, made up by Canadian women.

Russia has received, too, four thousand field hospital tents from Canada, each with a twenty-five-bed capacity; and fifty thousand tools to construct cottage hospitals.

Quantities of drugs and hospital supplies have gone to China's Honan Province, to India and to Poland. Such shipments have included the priceless sulfa drugs.

In China the Canadian Red Cross has undertaken a project to train two thousand Chinese nurses to carry on rehabilitation in the famine area of Honan Province.

"Aid to the sick and wounded in time of war" is still a vital job of the Canadian Red Cross; but today that job means more aid, more hope, more easing of pain than ever before.



Lotta Dempsey, who brings you these facts, says the Canadian Red Cross is "the united heartbeat of a people who could not sit back and see others suffer." Remember that, when you are asked to give your dollars to the 1943 campaign, in the next few weeks. Give generously!



+ Somewhere in a German prison camp, these Canadian prisoners of war are receiving parcels packed by Canadian women volunteers in Winnipeg, Windsor, Montreal, Toronto or Hamilton. Already two million parcels have been sent — at the rate of seventy thousand a week. Soon there will be a hundred thousand a week leaving Canada for Allied prisoners of war.

Food...

TO THE Nazis, food has become a weapon of conquest. To the Canadian Red Cross, it is the sustaining symbol of brotherhood.

Biggest item of food—and today's biggest item of expenditure in the Canadian Red Cross—is the weekly budget for Allied Prisoners-of-War.

Since January, 1940, when the first hundreds of eleven-pound parcels came off the assembly line in Toronto, until January of this year, more than two million parcels have been shipped to Canadian, British and Australian prisoners in camps in Germany, Hong Kong, and other countries under enemy domination.

Packed by the hands of women volunteers working in shifts on assembly lines at a high-speed output, they have parcelled the following items of food, in the following quantities:

	Tons
Milk	1,000
Butter	1,000
Cheese	250
Corned Beef	750
Pork Luncheon Meat ..	656
Salmon	500
Sardines	234
Raisins	437
Prunes	375
Sugar	500
Jam or Marmalade	1,000
Pilot Biscuits	1,000
Chocolate	312
Salt and Pepper	62
Coffee and Tea	375
Soap	125
	8,576

At the Toronto depot, twenty thousand parcels used to be packed each week. Today, with depots operating in Montreal, Windsor, Hamilton and Winnipeg as well,

seventy thousand are ticked off weekly with clocklike regularity. Before the year is out, the number will be upped to a hundred thousand a week. Half of the ten million dollars the Canadian Red Cross is asking for in its annual appeal, during March, is earmarked for this work.

To Britain's nurseries, orphanages and other civilian war sufferers, Canada has sent one million pounds of honey and jam, prepared and donated by the men and women of this Dominion. That's enough for sixty million British slices of bread.

We have supplied, as well, thirty-six mobile kitchens, at a cost of over a hundred thousand dollars, each equipped to feed 250 workers at a time. These are for the fire fighters.

More than eight million cigarettes—a chain that would reach higher than highest world peak, Mount Everest—have gone to the Canadian Armed Forces and hospital patients at home and abroad.

Millions spent in food have included, as well, supplies for the Chinese, the Russians, the Poles, Greeks, Belgians, Yugoslavians, Fighting French, Norwegians and Netherlands — many of them evacuees far from their own homes.

At home, in Canada, the Canadian Red Cross has set up facilities which will make it possible for this great relief organization to carry out a promise to you, the people. That promise is that in the event of an emergency, disaster or enemy action, they will feed this nation, through the centres set up in Canadian churches, for a period of twenty-four hours. And there will be no charge.

Canada's TO A WORLD Shelter...

IT STARTED out thirty-four years ago as a society organized to help the sick and wounded in time of war. And somewhere along the way of the years between then and now, it grew into the united heartbeat of ten million people who could not sit back and see others suffer.

Today, Canadian people do not belong to the Red Cross; the Canadian Red Cross belongs to them. They have bought and paid for it with millions of dollars, millions of hours of labor, millions of gestures of goodwill toward the men and women of this world who would have perished under the whiplash of tyranny and disaster.

Today Canadians carry on more of the good works of the International Red Cross per man, woman and child than any other country in the world. And one of the greatest is the provision of shelter for thousands of the sick and homeless.

A six-hundred-bed hospital stands in England, built and equipped at a cost of more than \$7,500,000, for the use of Canada's armed forces.

Rehabilitation of homeless people goes on in many parts of the world, including living quarters for European refugees now domiciled in Britain, housing of homeless Poles in Egypt, quarters for Chinese in their own regained territory.

The Junior Red Cross maintains fourteen War Nurseries in England.

Enquiry bureaus have been established in Britain and Canada to obtain information of relatives and friends who are missing, wounded, or prisoners of war.

Shelter, for a night or a year, has been supplied to refugees and evacuees in Britain and in other parts of the Allied world.

Here in Canada, meanwhile, disaster relief organizations at seaboards and other vulnerable points include 47 emergency hospital units, 19 mobile surgical units, and storehouses of clothing and supplies.

And an extensive peacetime program of outpost hospitals in frontier settlements, aid to veterans, home nursing, nutrition courses and other services has been maintained.



+ Here's a young Britisher lapping it up — one of the ninety million spoonfuls of Canadian jam and honey that have been supplied through the Canadian Red Cross to British nurseries and orphanages and other refuges for war sufferers. Over a million pounds of jam and honey have gone overseas, donated by Canadian men and women, since 1939.



A surf of women flowed out of the parlor. Winky was walking with Hop Magee's mother, who was chattering like a magpie staging a talkathon.

diet and your mother will have herself a job, and two patients complete with anemia."

Strug cleared his throat.

"What's he coming home for, Dad?" he repeated. "Seems to me when a guy's hitting that kind of jack pot—"

"Oh, Hop. Vacation, I guess. Flying those crates isn't pushing perambulators, son. Look, see if there's any milk left, will you?"

Strug slid the bottle across the table.

"Then he'll be—headin' back. Pretty quick, I guess. He'll probably want to go back to Newfoundland soon as he can, won't he?"

"Oh, I don't know. Home will look good, to a shaver his age. You can imagine how he's missed his friends. All you youngsters he banged around with."

Strug could imagine. All you—Winky he banged around with.

The door to the parlor opened, and a surf of women flowed out. Strug shoved back his stool, excused himself, and galloped. She was walking with Mrs. Magee. The latter was gabbing like a magpie staging a talkathon.

Strug edged up until he was moving beside Winky. You had to think a lot of a gal to buck all those gossiping femmes.

"Hi, Punk," he said.

Winky lifted wide eyes, and chipped off an absent smile.

"Hi, Hideous." Then, "Mrs. Magee was telling me all about how Hop will be home tomorrow. Isn't that too perfectly marvellous, Strug?"

It was too perfectly something. Strug couldn't get hold of the word.

"Yeh," he said, and took over Winky's arm.

"I'm having several of his best friends over at the house to surprise him when he gets there," Mrs. Magee confided to Winky. "You'll be there, of course? You know how Hop feels about you, dear. Why, I can remember when he was just a little—"

Strug gave Winky's arm a yank.

"I got the car outside," he said. "I'll take you home."

Mrs. Magee became aware of him. She said, "You could come, too, Strug, if you like."

"That," Strug said, walking Winky to the car, "is what I call a real cordial invitation."

"Oh, Strug, be your age." Winky climbed into the car. She was careful to avoid the broken spring. That put considerable distance between them. "You'd be excited, too, if Hop was your son coming home over a simply ghoulis ocean just to see you."

"I can think of more exciting things than being Hop Magee's mother," Strug said, rattling into high.

"Oh, Strug," Winky said. "You're too simply clever!"

They were stopping before her house when she remembered.

"Strug, I forgot it!" She clapped her hand over her mouth, and lifted dismayed eyes to his. "My knitting,

If a girl knits a sweater to match a man's eyes she can be fairly sure it will suit him - - - that is, unless she has been color blind all along

Strug. It's on your porch, and I'm centuries late for supper!"

"I'll bring it over," Strug offered. "If your mother doesn't mind, we might sort of—take a ride."

"Strug, you are sweet. I mean you're so absolutely considerate. How could mother mind?"

IT WAS almost eight when they tied up with the gang in the drugstore. Snooks Marble roped them into the last nook with herself and Flick Morris and Pooch. A new girl with red hair and complexion to match was with Pooch.

"We were just talking about you, Winks," Snooks said. "How does it feel to be enviable? Hop Magee's B.G.F. It must be—but heavenly!"

The redhead's name was Biddy. She dreamed up at Winky, and murmured, "So you're engaged to a man from the R.A.F.?"



"Oh, Hop, it's the most excruciating whatzit I ever saw." Something in the palm of Winky's hand was catching a million lights.

Winky slithered into the nook and dragged Strug down beside her. She was beautifully nonchalant about it all.

"I'm not engaged," she said, "and Hop's not in the R.A.F. He taxies bombers to England. We're really nothing but very old friends."

Snooks looked up, frowning, from her soda.

"Isn't she the most retiring droop you ever met? Imagine, Winky! What are you wearing to the welcome home rumpus tomorrow?"

Winky ordered a double nectar. She moved over to give Strug more bench. She said, "Wear? Is it really that simply important?"

Strug could have kissed her. In fact, riding back to her house, the urge became overpowering. He thought of the River Road. "What about a little detour, Winks?" he said very carelessly.

"But several times, no!" she said. "I'm planning to finish my sweater by Saturday. You could stick around while I knit, if you like."

"That's a mighty snazzy sweater," he put out, when they were sitting on the divan, with the knitting bag between them.

Her needles clicked merrily. "It's for a mighty snazzy man," she said.

It was a very delicate subject. But intriguing. Strug said, "What makes you think it will—suit him?"

She looked up warily.

"Oh, eyes," she said. "All you have to do is match a man's eyes. It's really impossibly simple."

Blue sweater. Blue eyes. Strug's heart began to do a jog-trot. That positively cinched it.

When Mrs. Enwright began to drop hints about Wednesday nights not being Saturday nights, Strug got to his feet. He felt suddenly very light. The world was a pretty decent hole, after all. And as for girls like Winky—

"Good night, Pill," he said lovingly.

The moonlight on the porch fell along the loose waves of her hair. She smiled up at him.

"See you at Hop's tomorrow. Goodnight, Awful."

And the moon went under a cloud. The car bucked home, and Strug sat for a long time in the garage, figuring angles. What did a man like him do about competition such as Hop Magee?

Murder was a beautiful word. Mayhem, more practical. He could always pick a good fight, and mow him down. Or be mowed down. That was a thought. No. The thing to do was to be passive about the whole matter. After all, Hop might not stay. He might even take pneumonia during a sulfapyridine shortage. Life was something you couldn't tell about. But there was no law against hoping.

HOP'S "FEW FRIENDS" turned out to be twice half the town. Old and young and middling, they sat and stood in every nook of the Magee homestead and swapped memories about Hop. The old dwelled on his past achievements. The young, in all the slick one-syllable words that added up to smooth, looked toward his future. The middling just drivelled.

Winky was wearing a fuzzy pink sweater that went with her cheeks. And she'd cut a new crop of bangs. Everyone sort of edged back from Winky's slice of room, so's not to spoil the effect when Hop barged in.

From his remote corner, Strug bore it.

Five minutes flat from train time, there in the door, stood Hop. He looked bemused and flattered, and very come-home-ish.

"Well," he said, and posed with a nubby tan coat lopped over one arm, and long tweedy legs planted Esquiritly apart. "What goes on?"

Somebody said something, and the brawl was launched. Presently Hop's black head was a mere oasis in a sea of sweaters and curls. Strug stayed in his corner.

When she couldn't claw + Continued on page 21

After all a man could take just so much. So just for plain cussedness, Strug cut in on Hop twice.



Wedge in between them on the piano bench. Winky looked like this morning's lettuce on yesterday's rye bread sandwich.



THE KNITTING bag bulged with blue wool. Strug, loping up the front steps, saw it and slung his books on the floor by the banisters. Ten past five.

He stooped and squinted under the scalloped window shade into his mother's parlor. There she was, all right. Wedged in between Hop Magee's old lady and the minister's wife on the piano bench, Winky Enwright looked like this morning's lettuce in yesterday's rye-bread sandwich.

"Atta keed," Strug grinned. "Shake it, Baby!"

Mom, looking very official, planted in front of the fireplace, was directing Winky in the fine art of shaking down a thermometer.

Every Tuesday and Friday, now, the house was cluttered with dames taking Home Nursing, under Mom. Mondays and Wednesdays, it was likewise headquarters for the First Aid group. There was just one compensation. Winky Enwright had come down with patriotism.

IT WAS what might be known as opportunity in the raw. Four times a week, for several stupendous weeks, Strug had an air-tight excuse to drive Winky home in the hesitant jalopy that had inspired his freshman nickname. And four times each week he restaked claim on her lone Saturday night date.

There had been six already, strung in a row. That, notwithstanding Chip Ellis and Pooch Mahoney and Flick Morris. So that things were apparently looking up. Way up.

Take that sweater, for instance. Blue wool, it was. Not khaki, not dark navy. It was, moreover, a man's sloppy Joe, size, medium, done in a screwy stitch.

"For a—friend of mine," Winky admitted simply.

Now, Winky didn't sling hash with words. And friend can mean a lot of things, especially to an intense sort of girl like Winky. Even "The New Century" defines "friend" as "One attached to another by feelings of personal regard; an intimate." And the way Strug figured, if a man rated a girl's first extra-curricular sweater, he—well, he just naturally rated.

Enjoying this reflection, Strug perched on the swing, alongside Winky's bag, and kept both eyes on the front door.

For a time he contemplated his finances. This Saturday night's dance was to be the biggest of the season. They'd all come formal, and it was Winky's first dance as a member of the Country Club's Junior Assembly.

Expenses for that sort of thing got out of hand unless you began to plan in advance. It meant a corsage, and a wash job on the buggy. It meant stopping at Jook's on the way out, and maybe even on the way home. And on Junior Assembly night, dates sometimes run the gamut to chicken sandwiches. You never could tell about women. However, if this week's allowance could be preserved unscratched, he might could swing it in something approaching style.

Entertainment, though, came higher here lately. Ever since the knitting craze had struck Westmore like a plague, it required downright manoeuvring to

keep a girl sufficiently entertained to forget her knitting.

IT TOOK its worst toll on the River Road. The moment a man parked there in the black patch of shadows, on snapped the car light, and out came the knitting. Aside from the fact that the faintest objection savored of sabotage, the needles themselves were the darndest female weapon on record.

Most of the girls from Westmore High looked like premature drips behind a clenched pair of knitting needles. But Winky was a notable exception.

When you saw Winky knitting, red lips puckered, the screen of her astonishing lashes black against the smooth olive of her cheeks, you thought the wackiest thoughts. And even a dope would know that it wasn't healthy to go homespun about a girl with a whole year at college still looming ahead before you could hope for a bang at the war.



The moment a man parked in the black patch of shadows, on snapped the car light and out came the knitting.

A man with a future. That was the setup Strug tried to bring home to Winky. Waiting was fashionable these days. Even if dates were drab in the meantime. A uniform in the offing had its certain lure.

Of course, getting the inside track to a heart like Winky's was no mean trick. She wasn't, after all, just any girl. Winky's social wallop stemmed from the fact that she was known, from way back, as Hop Magee's Big Moment. And when a fellow—even a stupe like Hop—is flying bombers across the Atlantic the home town just naturally rears up and takes notice. You couldn't blame a mere girl for being impressed.

There was just one person from his lesser days that Hop remembered to write to, besides his mother. In words of two syllables, Winky Enwright.

"Oh, Hop," Winky had a misty way of saying, whenever his name bobbed into the conversation, "I think it's positively wonderful for a man to be so simply—brave!"

And she wasn't kidding. Winky had principles. Dozens of them. To please her, Strug had volunteered for the downtown classes in Home Service and the Motor Transport, besides. But even if his Latin conjugations were suffering as a result, it more than

made up to hear Winky murmuring, over her knitting, "I mean I absolutely adore patriotic men, Strug. I think they're too simply marvellous!"

It ran in her veins, like staunch khaki blood. A cousin in the Air Force. An uncle overseas. Grandfathers in history books. Father a decorated world-war vet, currently head of the local A.R.P. Definitely, the Enwright tribe was patriotic to the last drop.

THE BUZZ from inside the parlor droned on. Strug saw his father swing in at the gate. Another ham sandwich supper.

"Still going strong," Strug commented, looking up from his civics book.

"Guess they're good till midnight," the elder Derian said. "When they've got a homecoming like Hop's to throw in with their bed-making, we're lucky if we get breakfast."

Strug took it without a quaver. He even managed his voice. He got up and followed his father inside. "Hop Magee, you mean? Hop's coming back to Westmore?"

"Show me the kitchen." Mr. Derian stalked straight through the house. "Ham or cheese, what'll we make it? Last night, I dreamed I had steak for supper. Oh, well—"

Strug pushed a stool to the far end of the table and tangled around it. He could still see the parlor door.

"What's he coming home for?" he said. "Hop, I mean?"

Mr. Derian slapped some mustard on a slice of bread and pushed the ham toward Strug.

"Dive in," he said. "Or are you by any chance waiting for our—home nurse? Six more weeks on this



"Good night. Pill," he said lovingly. She smiled up. "Good night. Awful."

A nation's babies are its strongest link with the future. To provide the best of care for expectant mothers and infants is no extravagance. It can't be put off until after the war

but you can't be sure you are going to be one of the lucky ones. The situation is something like sailing through mined waters. Some ships, unaware of the danger, do get safely through, but their chances are much better if they have a pilot on board who knows where the mines are located and so can dodge them. Your physician should be your pilot during this important time.

HOW MANY Canadian women have this essential prenatal care? We can't say exactly, because general records of this are not kept, but it is certainly a rather small percentage. The comfortably off should, of course, go to their own physician for this care, although they don't all do so by any means. Many uninformed people think regular examinations are not important. Some of them even think that these numerous visits to the physician are "a racket." They are nothing of the kind. Everywhere in the civilized world they are accepted as an essential part of good maternal care. Besides, nowadays Canadian physicians are not looking for work to do. They are already swamped with it—with so many of their confreres serving with the armed forces.

As for the poorer woman in your community, who can't afford this care from a private physician, what provision is there for her? If you belong to a club, why not appoint a live committee to survey the maternal and child health service available in your area? The first persons for this committee to see are those in charge of your public health services. Learn from them what clinics and other services are available and also find out their plans for expansion. Often it is lack of funds that cripples their work. The city fathers or other government bodies don't realize the importance of such services. A beautiful city is very pleasant, but a healthy one is much more important! Here also the private physicians can advise your committee on how things can be improved.

Once you have formed, with the advice of these experts, a plan of campaign, you can go out and work for it, until you build up such a body of public opinion that the much-needed extra services are provided by the proper authorities. You'll run into difficulties and criticism, progress will be slow, and a lot of hard work will be involved, but the goal, a healthier Canada, is worth all the effort.

NOW THERE are limits to what improved prenatal medical care can do when other conditions are bad. Back in 1934, when there was an appalling amount of poverty among the coal miners in South Wales, great improvements in prenatal medical care did not help either the mothers or babies to any extent. But when, in addition, extra food (dried milk products and a Vitamin B concentrate) was given to the mothers, only about half as many of their babies died, and just one quarter as many of the mothers lost their lives (a little less than 2 per 1,000 living babies).

Of course these women's diets were very poor before the additions were made to them, but here in Canada, in Toronto, similar results were obtained by a group of prominent University of Toronto physicians and nutritionists. They were working in one of the largest prenatal clinics in that city. About two hundred women who were eating poor diets, mostly because they could not afford really good ones, were interviewed three to four months before their infants were due to arrive. Through the generosity of a local businessman, nearly half of them were supplied with extra food. What they received each day amounted to a pint and a half of milk, an ounce of cheese, an egg, an orange, four and a half ounces of factory canned tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of a special wheat germ to which extra iron had been added, and a capsule containing Vitamin D.

These foods were chosen because, when added to the food the mother could buy herself, they gave her the extra calcium and Vitamin D she needed to build good bones and teeth in her infant, the iron needed to save him from developing severe anemia early in life, and the extra excellent proteins, the B vitamins and the Vitamin C that are necessary during the prenatal period.

The mothers on the improved diet felt better, had fewer aches and pains, fewer infections, less anemia, and gave birth to far fewer premature babies. They had no miscarriages or stillbirths at all! Far more of them could nurse their babies, and, when the mother is healthy, breast feeding is both the safest and the most economical food for infants. (In New Zealand, about 80 per cent of the babies are breast fed, which helps to explain why so few of them die.)

The babies of the mothers given the extra rations also were much sturdier, they suffered less from colds, fewer of them developed bronchitis, pneumonia or anemia, and none of them got rickets. Only two of the babies whose mothers got the extra food died—both from deformities which must have occurred early in the prenatal period and long before their mothers got the extra food. Fifteen of the babies whose mothers remained on the poor diet died! Only one of these was deformed.

The extra food supplied to each of the mothers in the first group cost only twenty-five dollars apiece. It looks as if twenty-two hundred dollars saved thirteen lives! What price babies? How about maternity benefits?

The future of Canada depends on the kind of infants and children we raise here. We want our children to have high ideals and to be hard workers. Unless they have good health, it will be difficult for them to develop to their best, either intellectually, emotionally or morally. Good health is the fundamental stuff out of which victory is made.

What can you and I do to save more of these babies and help them grow up into sturdy, straight-shooting young Canadians? *



They Shall Inherit the Earth..

we owe them a good beginning

By ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.

DID YOU hear that the X's new baby died? Too bad! Naturally you feel extremely sorry, but perhaps you take it for granted that it just couldn't be helped, and finally decide it may have been a blessing that he died at birth instead of lingering on betwixt life and death for two, three or more weeks.

It is sad and discouraging for a young couple to lose their baby. But it is much more than just a family tragedy. So many of our babies die that it is a serious national problem, here and now, in Canada.

It's hard to believe that we Canadians lose one baby out of every 17. At least half of these infants could be saved. Outstanding health experts vouch for that statement. They know the records of other countries, and we have no reason to doubt them. From all the evidence which they are able to bring forward, one significant fact stands out: that we in Canada are wasting babies in an appalling way.

Some of our cities have far better records than others. In 1941, Vancouver and Victoria were especially lucky places in which to be born, because only one baby out of 37 died there. St. Catharines, Hamilton, and Kitchener also were fortunate spots for infants—they lost only about one in every 30. But babies fared badly in Sorel and in Quebec City, where one in every 10 did not live to see his first birthday. The other Canadian cities are somewhere between these extremes.

We can't afford any extravagances these days. We all feel we must work our hardest and live as economically as possible. But providing the best of care for expectant mothers and infants is no extravagance. It can't be put off until after the war. You can't make good the damage done to the infant or young child later on, presuming of course he has survived.

More babies than ever before were born in Canada in 1941—254,483 of them, to be exact. Of this number, 15,197 died before they reached their first birthday, and half of these died in their first month. Nearly seven thousand more were born dead!

WHY IS the first month so dangerous? What do these babies die of? Almost half of them die because they were born too soon. They weren't sufficiently well developed to cope with their new, much more dangerous and more variable surroundings.

Premature babies need special expert care if they are to survive. If more hospitals had the equipment and trained staff for this work, more of them could be saved. When they

are taken to the hospital in special heated boxes, called "premature ambulances," their chances are much better. Blankets, baskets and hot water bottles usually do not keep them warm enough en route.

If we add on the large number of babies who die much earlier in the prenatal period, the figures would be much higher still.

Another common cause of death under one month of age is the presence of some abnormality or defect in development which is incompatible with life or which makes survival more difficult. These defects occur very early in the prenatal period, which makes it very important for all married women who may possibly become mothers to live as healthy a life as possible. In fact, it means that the health of all girls and young women needs to be closely guarded.

One prominent American scientist has found consistently that if he feeds his mother rats a poor diet, one third of their young are abnormal at birth, but if he adds some dried liver to their meals, all of their offspring are perfectly developed. This suggests that it is quite possible that, when all Canadians know what are the right kinds of food to eat and have the means to buy them, we will have far fewer babies dying from such malformations, and far fewer children growing up handicapped by them. For the present, prompt and efficient treatment of some of these deformities will save more of these babies.

THE THIRD common cause of death in the newborn period is due to some injury caused at birth. Often an internal hemorrhage occurs where the baby has been injured, and this may be fatal. Thanks to the discovery a few years ago of a new vitamin (Vitamin K) many of these hemorrhages can now be prevented. The injury, of course, is usually due to some abnormality in the birth process. This vitamin is best given to the mother an hour or two before her baby is born, but failing that it can be given to her baby soon after birth. Given in either way, it helps to prevent the baby from developing these dangerous hemorrhages.

What can we do to reduce the number of babies that are born too soon? This brings up the whole question of what special care an expectant mother needs both for her own and for her baby's sake. To go back a little farther, all intelligent and conscientious persons should have a complete medical examination, including a blood test for syphilis, before they marry. It is only fair that they should do so. In some states across the border, both the prospective

groom and bride must by law have a blood test taken before they will be granted a marriage license. Unless such precaution is taken, a husband or wife may quite unwittingly pass on a serious disease to his or her partner or to their innocent baby. Effective means of treating this disease are available, and this can save an infant from developing it, even though treatment is not started until five months before his birth.

However, it is much safer to have a clean bill of health before marriage. During wartime syphilis usually becomes more common, and it is therefore most important that young couples safeguard their mutual health and happiness in this way.

AS SOON as you think you are going to have a baby, you should go at once to see your doctor. He will examine you to see that all is well, as it usually is, and he will tell you how often he wants to see you regularly. Of course child-bearing is a normal function in a healthy woman, and usually she carries it through without any trouble, apart from a few minor discomforts. But it is an added strain, even for the huskiest woman, and both for your own sake and that of your infant, you should be willing to modify your mode of living, if that is necessary. Your physician can advise you best of all for he knows your individual problems.

In general, you will need to take more rest, you will have to avoid violent or prolonged exercise and give up alcoholic beverages. Don't try to see what you can get away with—it isn't worth while taking any chances, and far more than your own health and happiness is involved. The war has speeded up the tempo in many young peoples' lives. If you have decided to grow a family (and you should think over the question very seriously before you, decide *not* to) you will likely have to tone down your activities a bit. You don't need to look upon yourself as delicate during this period; you are just slightly different, and you certainly need pleasant diversions and, if all is well, a fair amount of gentle exercise, some of it outdoors and some around the house.

The regular visits to your physician will allow him to spot any abnormalities in their early stages when something can be done about them. In most cases the mother-to-be has no premonition whatever that such troubles are impending. If they are neglected they may become really serious to the mother, and they may also lead to the premature birth of the infant.

Fortunately, such troubles are quite rare,

along her lanes, to dip a flag. But there had been no signal. And he, of course, was a darned fool, because he would not have known how to take advantage of it if she had.

HE TOOK an ancient overstuffed wallet from his pocket and searched through papers and snapshots until he found Isabel's last letter. It had been written six months before, and though it was kind and friendly as she herself was, you could tell it was going to be her last letter. Indeed it was surprising that she had written to him for so long. There had never been anything to hold her to him. And there was not a man in the town who would not ask Isabel to write to him. She could have had any of them . . . and did not need one. At least not when he had known her. Isabel, for all her beauty and her slim girl's body, could do for herself all that a man could do for her.

As he folded her letter and replaced it in his wallet, the Canadian knew why his feeling for Isabel had not been deep or enduring. She was not really for him. Indeed, even when he had first hung round her, he had known that dimly . . . if anyone knows anything about one's calf love. It was that strength in her, that self-sufficiency. On the outside she was everything he wanted, but in the dark deep place where true lovers must meet some time, they would never have met.

While he had been thinking on these things, his gaze removed from the two girls near the window, they had evidently finished their tea and were preparing to go. One more lost opportunity, the Canadian thought. Yet it had never been an opportunity. Merely a desire. But it seemed tough, when you saw so few girls you liked the look of, and had a long leave on your hands. What now? Back to the club and dig up someone. One need never be alone, even if one's companion was merely an accent on loneliness.

He summoned the waitress and as he looked toward her, the uniformed girl moved along his line of vision to the cash desk, and she was alone. As he watched her, she gave a swift mock salute to the girl she had left behind at the window and the salute was returned, by the merest touch of slim fingers on the green hat. It was accompanied by a smile so exquisite, so benign that it seemed to offer the gift of happiness itself to its object.

If one had a girl like that around, the Canadian began to think, but the waitress was at his elbow, waiting with check pad and pencil, "One pot of tea, two . . . no three cakes," she intoned.

Was this one of those moments? In spite of nothing at all to go on, so far. At any rate she was alone now, by the window and he dared the preliminary.

"I'd like some hot water for this tea," he said to the waitress, though the stuff was water now. Still it gave him an excuse to linger.

He kept his eyes down. He had no natural audacity for affairs of this kind. Suppose he said, "Excuse me, but you remind me very much of someone I know back home. I thought it just possible you might be a relation . . . so?" So what? He knew darn well she was English. That stuck out. And she did not look a fool either. She would be polite, because she was English, and she would freeze him because she was not a fool. For all one could tell, she was married . . .

That disturbed him so oddly that he looked up quickly as if there might be some visible sign of her married state. You could tell sometimes, just by looking at a woman.

What he saw shocked him. He was suspended in shock for an instant as if he had received a physical blow over the heart. It was so unexpected; like looking one moment at a sunlit scene and having night descend in the twinkling of an eye, distorting and frightening because it was outside nature.

THE GIRL was bent a little sideways, both hands clutching the table edge; he could see her knuckles thrusting at the white taut skin. She was quite still, her eyes closed so that her face did not look alive; it looked like the mask of someone who had died of despair, someone who had not even hoped for death, but let it come upon them quietly.

This only lasted for a fraction of time. If he had waited she would have pulled herself together; she was doing it even while he moved, but he moved quickly. He was standing beside her as she opened her eyes.



He couldn't hear a word she was saying to her companion, a neat-shouldered woman in uniform, but he wasn't interested in that one.

"Are you ill?" he said. "You looked as if you were going to faint. Is there anything I can do?"

It was unfair to her. She could not arm herself in that moment. She looked at him pitifully from dark lost eyes. She could not focus, or understand why he was there.

"I'm all right," he thought she said. He saw her lips move. He had sat down in the chair facing her. She began to fumble at her handbag which was on the table and he said:

"Do you want a cigarette? Or do you feel sick?" "A cigarette," she said, more audibly. A little color was coming back into her face.

"Was everybody looking at me?" she asked after a while. Her eyes were cast down. He knew she was the kind of English girl who loathed making a scene, being conspicuous. She did not seem to mind him yet. He spoke very quietly, evenly, as if there was something he must not disturb.

"Nobody saw," he said. "There was nothing to see, except the change in your expression . . . and . . . that was all."

She frowned slightly, but she could not be bothered to work that out yet. He had given her a cigarette and

bent toward her to light it. After a little silence he said:

"Better now?"

She had almost regained her self-control, and when he spoke she became fully aware of him, but with so much whirling in her brain there was no room to mind him. She said:

"Yes, thank you. But how do you come into it? Who are you?"

He said, "I was having tea over there. I was watching you and your friend. You seemed to be so cheerful and enjoying yourself. You reminded me of someone who looked very like you. I"—he reddened slightly—"I don't usually sit in tearooms staring at girls. But I have time on my hands at the moment."

She thought about that, then said surprisingly, "I did look all right then, didn't I? I mean while she was here? On top of the world and everything?"

"Yes," he agreed. He could see it was important to her. "That's how you looked. On top of the world. I liked the sight, because I was rather at the bottom of it myself."

"Oh," she said, regarding him vaguely. "That was something then. Knowing + Continued on page 24



Afternoon Tea

Velia Ercole, the distinguished British writer, brings you the moving story of the young Canadian pilot on leave in London and the girl he met in the teashop.



THE CANADIAN at the table in the corner of the teashop lit another cigarette and told himself that his leave was too long. Forty-eight hours was fine. One could always find something to do and someone to do it with for a forty-eight. One need not take it seriously. But a long leave was different.

The Canadian remembered an old saying: "Guests, like fish, begin to smell after five days." Well, that was the way he felt about it. But in reverse. For three days he had been staying with a Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie who liked entertaining overseas Air Force officers. They were fine people, kind and generous. They had told him that he must do exactly as he liked and make himself at home; and they kept on telling him that the bath water was hot now and that they knew how Canadians felt about baths. Anybody should have enjoyed staying with the MacKenzies, or with the other people who had invited him for his leaves . . . he had been in England a year now and he had not lacked invitations.

But he was not a born visitor, he decided. And he could not learn the trick of it. So after three days he had thanked the MacKenzies very much and had returned to town to the club which existed for men like him.

The girl in the green hat at the table near the window laughed, and the sound was so gay and pleasant that he looked at her again, though he had resolved not to do so because he had nice manners and he had already looked at this girl a good deal. If I knew a girl like that, he thought, knew her really well, so that she would count my leave as something and come to meet me at the station, that would make a great difference. She would watch for him and wait for him, and together they would go to her home; all her immediate hopes would be centred in him and that would alter everything. Once you had something to give to a person, you ceased to be a visitor.

At that moment, the girl in the green hat looked directly into his eyes. For a mesmeric instant she held his gaze, then turned back to her companion, and the Canadian quickly took a rather unpleasant cake from the plate in front of him and went hot under the collar. He had fine fair skin which reddened easily and did so now, not because the girl had caught him staring at her, but because she had looked through him as if he were the Invisible Man. There was no mistake about that. He had never been so emphatically not seen in his life.

THIS BROUGHT him such an acute sense of disappointment that, when he had ceased to be embarrassed, he began to analyze it. You would not have guessed, looking at him, that he was concerned with anything except his tea and his cake, and he seemed to be taking those in his sleep, he had such a fair closed face and his gestures were so economical. His body seemed very still, very quiet, yet you got the impression that in the instant of command that body would swing into violent precise action.

He was a modest man. He did not expect strange women to notice him. But now and again (he thought) you saw a girl, your type of girl, and for a moment, like passing ships signalling, you would cross glances with her; in the street, over the heads of a crowd, in a café, and you knew that if you could meet, you would get along, know each other well and intimately. It was just one of those things.

So he had felt about this girl in the green hat, though he could not hear a word she was saying to her companion . . . a neat-shouldered woman in uniform. He was not interested in that one, though he noticed that she smoked a good deal. Each time he had regarded the pair he had noticed a cigarette in the small hand of the woman whose face he could not see. But the other one was so gay, it cheered him to watch her. Because he was lonely and homesick and she reminded him of Isabel le Breton, he had attributed to her all Isabel's virtues; Isabel's gaiety and smiling charm and friendliness. She had the same heart-shaped golden face—he wondered how this girl had managed to become sun-tanned in such a summer. Her green hat was a flamboyant, challenging affair. Absurd actually. But he felt she would see the joke of it, and laugh every time she put it on. Perhaps give it a twitch as Isabel used to her scarlet beret. "En avant!" Isabel would say.

What with one thing and another he had expected this girl, as she actually had looked at him, to recognize him as a traveller

Illustrated by JACK BUSH

He looked at the girl by the window again, although he had resolved not to, as he had already looked at her a good deal.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR....

...SOMETHING quick and nourishing
when the children come in at noon?



Busy at war work? With a hungry family to feed! Then Campbell's Tomato Soup is your dish. Ready in a matter of minutes, this luscious soup is laden with the nourishment Johnny needs because tomatoes are an important protective food... one of the most important. The finest tomatoes you can imagine are cooked, and seasoned, and enriched with butter to make Campbell's Tomato Soup.

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second-day meal?



Those left-overs mustn't go to waste these days, with food prices up. Just heat them up and round out your supper with bright, delicious plates of Campbell's Tomato Soup. People seem to get hungry when they catch the keen aroma of this soup, and its lively-tasting tomato flavor wakens the urge to eat and sharpens their interest in the rest of the meal.

...SOMETHING to guard the
family's health?



Tomatoes rank high in the wartime health program. The vitamins and minerals they absorb from sun and soil are important protective elements in Canada's wartime diet.

In Campbell's Tomato Soup you get the goodness of juicy, red-ripe tomatoes plus the added nourishment of golden butter. So you'll want to have this tempting soup often. To make it more nourishing still, serve it sometimes as cream of tomato, by adding milk instead of water.

...SOMETHING to make dinner start
off—just right?



Everybody likes Tomato Soup . . . and Campbell's Tomato Soup is a dish you can count on! Its brilliant color adds a festive glow to your table. Its luxurious flavor sets the key-note for good things to come. As Tomato soup (made with water) or as Cream of Tomato (made with milk) Campbell's Tomato Soup is a grand start for any company or family dinner. Keep it in mind!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



....HERE IT IS!



My sturdy arms
And nimble feet
Are helping build
A mighty fleet!

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

Shut my Mouth!

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

NOT LONG ago Mrs. Emily Post handed down a ruling on the subject of War Workers and Motorists. It's all right for a war worker to accept a ride from a passing motorist, Mrs. Post says, if she obeys the following rules: (1) She must hold her identification badge aloft rather than her thumb. (2) She mustn't hail cars that carry less than a B or C ration sticker. (3) She must hail only motorists who are travelling in her direction. (4) She must remember that conversation is unnecessary. If she must talk she should stick to impersonal subjects.

These regulations seem reasonable enough, except perhaps Rule 4 which may strike some workers, and especially some motorists, as a shade austere. If a motorist picks you up in these rationed days, he deserves at least the small change of friendly conversation. It wouldn't even hurt to shed a little personal charm on the occasion. If Rule 4 is followed too literally, a lot of war workers are going to be left standing on blasty corners holding their identification badges aloft in vain. Motorists are only human after all, and they could easily tire of the icy companionship advocated by Mrs. Post and stop giving lifts altogether.

What is needed obviously is a dependable list of Conversational Don'ts for the guidance of motorists and war workers. The following list has been compiled for that purpose, with the further note that the rules are applicable not only to motorists and war workers but to any two people meeting for the first time, under any conditions, anywhere on earth.

Rule 1. Don't be a Name Gagger. If, for instance,



The Anecdote Topper, a brisk competing type, is often the worst conversational offender.

you are introduced to a lady named Mrs. Emily Post (no relation), don't say, "Mrs. Emily Post! Gosh, I'll have to watch my step!" The same rule applies to Occupation Gagers—e.g., on first meeting a man who works in the Weather Bureau you will be automatically tempted to say gaily, "So you're the person who's responsible for this long wet spell!" Reject it instantly. Remember that the quip, which seems pretty bright to you, sounds dreadfully corny to the

victim who has had to listen to a thousand versions of it already.

Rule 2. Don't be a Repeater. Almost everyone is guilty of this to some extent, but mothers of young children are usually the worst offenders. Example: "The other night after I put Shirley Ann to bed she said, 'Mummy, what day is this?' and when I said 'Thursday,' she said, 'Well I'm Thursday and I want a drink of water. Can you imagine?' I'm Thursday and I want a drink of water." Of course I know you should never give them a drink after they go to bed, but really what can you do when they say a thing like that? 'I'm Thursday and I want a drink of water,' etc., etc., etc."

In Hollywood this is called Milking for Laughs. If you don't get a laugh the first time, just scrap the line and start afresh.

Rule 3. Don't be a Self-Deprecator. This practice, which is meant to bring out flattering contradictions, frequently backfires on the perpetrator. Example: Miss B., a downtown secretary, is a painstaking and conscientious worker whose letters never need correction. She deplores the office habits of Miss C., a flighty piece who skips through her correspondence and then takes time off to smoke cigarettes in the Ladies' Wash Room. One day Miss B., after laying a faultless dossier before her employer, said regretfully, "I often wish I worked a little faster, but I like to get things right." A short time later Miss B. found that Miss C. had been promoted to take her place. "You're a good worker," her employer explained, "but I think you'd better go back into the General Office till you pick up a little speed."

Rule 4. Don't be an "Uh-er." If you can't find the exact word or expression you are in search of, don't waste time looking for it but take the first handy substitute and get on with the conversation. Otherwise you will be at the mercy of the Finisher-Upper, who will step in briskly and complete your sentence for you, usually in a way you hadn't intended at all. "Uh-ers" and Finisher-Uppers are naturally antagonistic and should avoid each other, and everybody else, till they cure themselves of their bad habits.

Rule 5. Don't be a Finisher-Upper. See above.

Rule 6. Don't be an Age-Explainer. If you are under twenty-five it isn't necessary. And if you are over twenty-five it isn't any use.

Rule 7. Don't be a Compliment-Relayer. It's always a temptation to extract further enjoyment from a compliment that has been paid you by repeating it to a friend, but the practice is a dangerous one. For instance, when you say laughingly, "My friend told me I ought to be modelling in the Misses! Imagine! Me!" your friend, however politely she may seem to concur, is probably thinking privately, "Modelling in the Misses! Imagine! Her!"

Rule 8. Never use the Ugly Duckling line. Everybody knows it by this time. The next time someone asks you tenderly what you were like when you were a little girl, say briskly, "I was a wonderful-looking child with naturally curly hair and a perfect occlusion." This answer is recommended for its surprise value. Besides, in these days of orthodontists and permanent



Sketches by
W. A. WINTER

On meeting a man who works in the Weather Bureau, you will be automatically tempted to say gaily, "So you're the person responsible for this long wet spell!"

waves, you have a good chance of making the story stick.

Rule 9. Don't be an Anecdote Topper. The Anecdote Topper, a brisk competing type, is probably the worst conversational offender of all. No matter

Don't be a Self-Deprecator. The boss may believe you when you start underestimating your secretarial speed.



how good a story you have to tell, she has a better one ready by the time you have finished, and often before. Before you have finished with your story of your comic laundress, she is ready with hers, about the apartment janitor who reads aloud from "Finnegans Wake" and is a perfect scream. If you know someone who has just broken his leg, she knows someone who just had triple compound fracture. There's no use going into the story of your mastoid operation because she will promptly raise you, with a double mastoid. (Incidentally it's perfectly all right to talk about operations. Everyone's interested in operations and hospitalization, or there wouldn't be the Kildare series and all those operating sequences in the movies. Only make sure that when your friend is describing her tonsillectomy you don't top her with your appendectomy. The appendectomy will keep.)

It is useless to attempt competition with the Anecdote Topper. The polite smile on her face is no more than a note pinned to the door saying she will be back presently. She will, too, with a far better story and more brilliant cast than anything you could hope to assemble. Nothing can be done about the Anecdote Topper. If you can't take her, better just leave her.

And now just to show how a promising friendship may be wrecked by an infringement of the rules, let us imagine a conversation between a Motorist and a War Worker—possibly the very conversation Mrs. Post had in mind.

The Motorist, a Mr. Livingston, (Grade A Category) has paused to pick up a Miss Hubbard who is travelling in the same direction and has just signalled him with her thumb. There is a brief pause for identification.

Mr. Livingston: "I guess I better introduce myself. My name's Livingston." + Continued on page 23

(She might be anyone I pass on the street every day, or jostle accidentally in the self-service market when I'm picking out tomatoes! There's nothing between us to build on. That's the awful part. I'm not ashamed of her. She doesn't dye her hair, or wear cheap furs, or murder the King's English. She's no one to be either ashamed of or proud of. I don't even hate her for giving me up, but neither do I love her because she's my mother. That's queer. I thought a girl would have to love her mother!)

"I do hope you've been able to forgive me," the talkative caller was saying. "You see, I'd met Joe and he didn't like children. I didn't dare tell him about you. He mightn't have wanted to marry me. Being a travelling man, he naturally counted a lot on my being able to go along with him. At first when I took you to the Society, I pretended you'd been left on a park bench and I'd found you. But they soon had me crying, so I broke down and told them the truth. Otherwise, the lady said, you'd have to be listed as a foundling and have no rightful birth certificate."

Midge listened, not believing her ears.

(But people didn't do things like that. I couldn't to the Midget, and I don't even know her very well yet. I haven't bathed her, or fed her, or put one of those little flannel nighties on her. Vicki must have known. They told her, of course. But she only told me the part that spared my mother—about my father being dead and her not being able to take care of me.)

The other woman was rambling on.

"But as soon as I met the lady and gentleman who wanted to take you, I knew you were in clover, my dear. I said to myself, I said, 'You'd be a tramp not to let them have her, Anna Brill. They'll give her everything—all the little pretties you and Joe can't afford.' That's what I said and I was right, wasn't I?"

Her voice was wheedling, begging to be justified, like a child who knows it has been wrong.

(Oh, Vicki! Vicki and Julian, dears! The everything you gave me wasn't what she thinks. There was firelight gleaming on polished floors, and long-

stemmed red roses in the winter time, and parties for anniversaries. But those were just the things you took for granted. You didn't pay homage to them.

There was also love and deep understanding between the two of you, and for me, too, as a kind of rich overflow. There were books and magazines and shiny Christmas trees, letters at college, cookies in my laundry hamper, and the cute notes Vicki used to pin on my pillowcase when I got out-of-hand and she didn't want to scold me in person. Oh, Mums and Dad! You lambs!)

"Yes," Midge told her visitor quietly. "They *did* give me everything."

"I can see that for myself," the older woman observed wistfully, glancing around the pretty room. "Such lovely things you have! That silver bonbon dish, for instance. It's sterling, I suppose. I never owned a piece of sterling in my life. Always wanted one, somehow."

"Take it," Midge pressed on her. "I'd love to give it to you. You see, I'm renting the apartment furnished to a young couple who might forget to polish the silver. Wouldn't you like to see the rest of the place before you go?"

Her visitor chirped like a canary bird over the diminutive kitchen with its pots of red geraniums on the window sill. She admired the cheerful, chintz-hung bedroom. But something made Midge close the door rather hastily on the closet that contained the little wicker carrying basket, filled with the few layette things she had collected.

"Closets are always such a mess," she apologized. "They get to be regular catch-alls."

Later, after she had settled everything with the Navy wife, Midge telephoned Vicki.

"I've rented the place. *Such a relief!* And I'm moving in on you tomorrow. The heck with Dad's cold. The Midget might as well get used to germs. Her ma's lonesome for her folks. And listen, grandma. You and I are going shopping in the morning for the frilliest bassinet we can find. What? Your First Aid course? Oh, gee! Well, don't stay long, darling. The Midget and I'll be waiting for you—Nursery Furniture on the seventh floor at noon!"

She Does a Man's Job . .

MRS. W. H. HUGHES, JR., of Victoria, B.C., used to get dizzy when she leaned out of a second-story window. But that was before the war, and before her husband reported a shortage of men in his window-cleaning business. Now she has become one of his best workmen, buckling on her safety belt like an old-timer, working serenely on ledges five, six or seven floors above street level.

There isn't any glamour about it. To Mrs. Hughes it's one of those civilian jobs that must be done, and by taking it on she has released a man for war service. And as for "nerves," she says there's no time left over to cultivate them.

—Contributed by Sheila McIvor.



New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. C. H. Bleich, says: "My skin looks so much nicer. From the start I felt the Camay Mild-Soap Diet was the beauty care for me!"

**This exciting beauty idea is based
on skin specialists' advice
—praised by lovely brides!**

SKIN that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you to bring out all the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

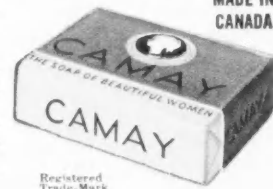
For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may have been cleansing your skin improperly. Or it may be that you have been using a

soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Did you know that skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap? And Camay is unusually mild—*milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested.

That's why we urge you to change today to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit

MADE IN
CANADA



Registered
Trade-Mark

of Camay's *milder* beauty care. You will notice how the very first treatment makes your skin feel thrillingly fresh and alive! Then be faithful—and in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier *YOU* reflected in your mirror.

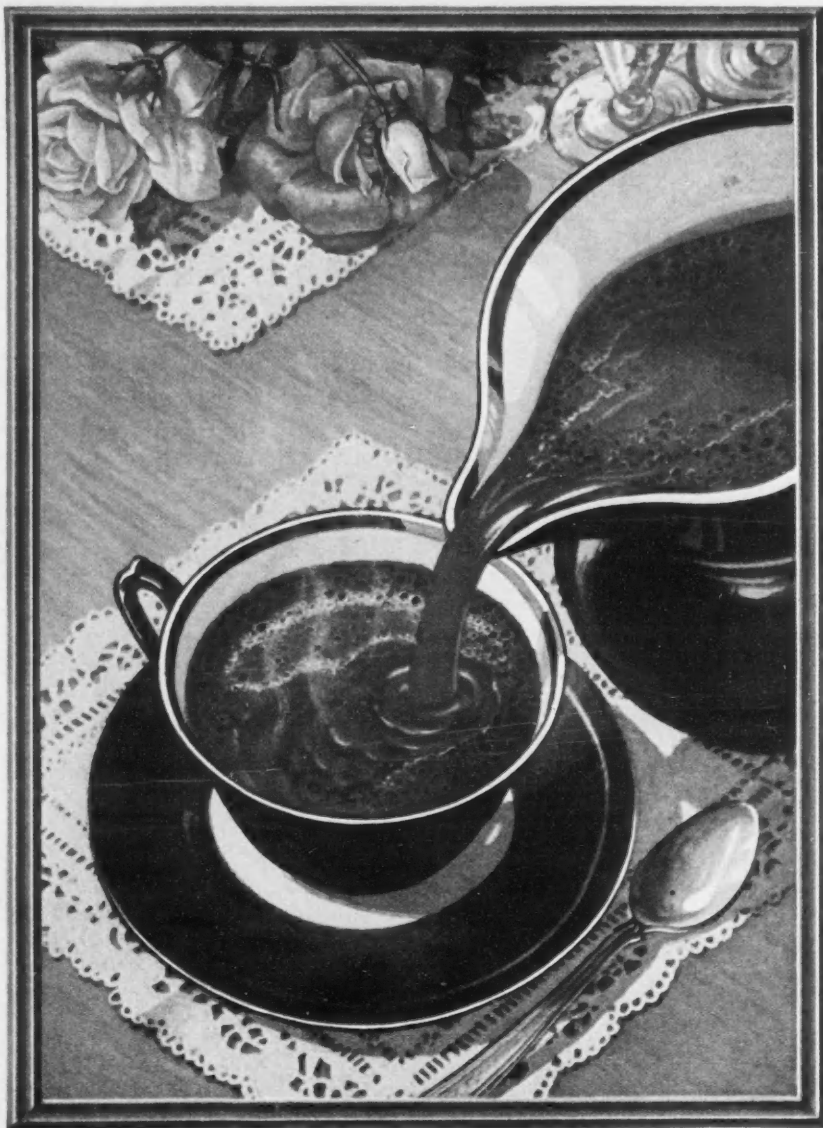
GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and the chin. Rinse thoroughly with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your refreshed skin is ready for make-up. Be faithful. For it's *regular* cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.



FRY'S *of course!*

For Fry's gives you the full, delicious flavour of cocoa at its best . . . the "something extra" gained by 214 years of experience in cocoa making!

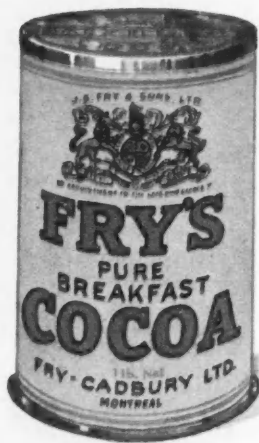
Remember, too, that a cup of Fry's Cocoa made with milk, is more than a delightful drink. It is a real food as well, rich in the nourishment, energy and nerve-strengthening substances so important to health and stamina.

Today especially, when sufficient nutrition in the diet is so important—Fry's Cocoa takes a leading place in the home.



IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE FRY'S COCOA FOR THE FAMILY

For each cup required, just put into a jug one teaspoon of Fry's and one teaspoon of sugar, and mix dry—add enough cold milk to make into a paste, then fill up with the required amount of hot milk, and stir.



A Cup of Fry's is a Cup of Food

Don't Stay Too Long :: Continued from page 7

for you. I have Julian and I love him terribly. But love between a man and woman needs tangible fruition. It needs a daughter to come yodelling in unexpectedly on a gust of fresh air to perch on the edge of your chair and rumple your hair. You are my daughter, Midge. Mothers aren't born. Only babies are born. Mothers are made, by days and nights of caring and hoping and believing.)

There was a round gilt mirror on the wall of the tiny foyer, and Midge stared into it without seeing herself. Her hands were icy cold. She wet her lips and swallowed hard.

"Shall I—shall I come over there?"

"Oh, she'd better come to you. I'm sending over some of Hilda's applestrudel cake. And Midge—be happy, child!"

It was what Vicki always said in big moments when there was lots at stake. Nights before exams . . . the time when she had appendicitis and they came with the stretcher to wheel her into the elevator . . . seeing her off to college for the first time in the impersonal privacy of a railway station . . . adjusting the shining halo of tulle and lace that was her bridal cap . . . "Be happy, child!" But there wasn't time to think of that.

Quick! Flip the suspicion of dust from the coffee table. Put on the tea kettle. Roll up curls on the rat-tail comb. Powder the tip of a saucy turned-up nose. My mother is coming. It's a dream! I'll pinch myself and wake up. Ouch, it hurts! It's real! My very own mother—loving me, needing me!

Hilda's famous apple strudel called for coffee. Midge's stiff fingers spilled a trickle of the drip grind when she tried to measure it from the canister into the glass pot. She poured the boiling water, arranged the cups and saucers on the painted tin tray, rattled the few remaining lumps of sugar into the silver bowl, poured cream, snatched off her apron and felt suddenly as if she were going to be sick, thanks to the Midget and a precarious endocrine balance. The bell changed her mind for her. She simply couldn't be sick. There wasn't time.

Midge pressed the button that released the door on the street level, three floors below.

"I'm frightened," she discovered with a kind of wonderment. "I'm stage-struck or something. Oh, dear, I wish . . ."

She had been going to wish that Mums were here. But the mother she meant was Vicki, who always managed to make difficult social occasions gracious and easy. And it was obviously pretty

silly to wish your mother were on hand to help you meet your mother! The idea made her giggle, and then she felt like Midge again—a tall blond girl in a grey flannel skirt and a bright yellow butcher's boy smock that was one of modern maternity's minor blessings.

THERE WAS nothing formidable about the rather heavy-set, middle-aged woman who arrived slightly out of breath from the three-story climb. Her hat

had slipped to the back of her head, and her face was red with emotion and heat. She clasped Midge to the capacious, trembling bosom of a nondescript print dress.

"Gladys!" she said. "My little Glad!"

Midge glanced over her shoulder fearfully, half expecting to see the girl who had lived here with Young slip out of the door and leave her all alone with the three-year-old self she had once been. The projector was turning backward in time and space, isolating an image of a little girl in an ugly brown and yellow plaid coat. Midge shivered.

"You—you must sit down and have some coffee while we talk," she said politely.

Slicing through the paper-thin layers of Hilda's applestrudel was a comforting contact with reality. (Hilda had presided over the Crandalls' shining, copper-hung kitchen as far back as Midge could remember, and the spicy smell of her good Swedish pastries had been woven into the very warp and woof of her concept of home.)

Midge settled down in front of the coffee table and lit one of the three cigarettes a day permitted her, counting on the lazy drift of smoke to batter down the barriers that she sensed in herself more than in this demonstrative stranger.

Stranger! How dreadful that her mind had seized with unerring accuracy on the one word that suited. The beam of sunshine, slanting across the apple green rug, high-lighted a conventionally correct picture of any bride extending the mid-afternoon hospitality of her new home to any elderly caller.

"So with poor Joe taken all of a sudden that way, all in all it was a great shock to me. He'd only just come back from mailing a letter at the corner and I said to him . . ."

Midge looked sympathetic but felt nothing. After all, she hadn't known Joe—hadn't even known that her mother had married again. The emotions she wanted to feel were in cold storage and refused to be thawed by an effort of the will.

WHISTLE, LADDIE, WHISTLE

By Mary C. MacKay

Months of labor — shy attempts at last rewarded,
From softly budded lips, little boy breath gave way
To one loud sound — held long, as strutting shoulders sway.

In pride; venturing on in hurried eager notes, lest
From him now, perchance, that precious sound be wrest,
Today he's learned to whistle.

Men have whistled — thus waylaying fears or heartaches,
Voice, master over mind, seems for the moment full
Of strength and hope; and all tenebrous thoughts which pull

Are in abeyance — Orpheus' fantasy clings.
In a world o'errun by tragic and fearsome things
Thank God my son can whistle.

To Match His Eyes :: Continued from page 11

her way through, Biddy, the red-head, approached him.

"They're super together, but aren't they?" she breathed. "I mean, Winky Enwright and that too *marry* man."

"Oh, sure, duper." Strug wouldn't stoop to argue. With his two blue eyes, he was watching. Hop's black head bent to Winky's bright one.

Exclamations were escaping from the charmed crush. It was Biddy who added them up. "He's—brought her something," she said. "Oh, Strug, I'm perishing to see what. Let's swim in, huh?"

She swam alone, and paddled out, dragging Winky. Winky's face was now pinker than her sweater, and she was spluttering, "But I simply couldn't. I mean, really, Hop. It's the most excruciating whatzit I ever saw, but mother would have rigor mortis if I took it."

Something in the palm of Winky's hand was catching a million lights. A little jewel-studded plane—blue and pink, but mostly green. Hop was right in the background. He was saying, "Don't worry about that, Marguerite. A chap can give a girl a souvenir if he chooses. Suppose you leave your mother to me?"

Marguerite. Creepers! This was the pay-off. Hop's speech sounded like it had been on the chopping block. A *chap*. Who did the dope think he was?

"Isn't he—but *heavenly*?" Snooks was sighing.

"Simply glamour-puss," said Biddy. "Oh, Strug," Winky was tugging Hop toward him. "You remember Hop, don't you?"

Yeh, Strug thought, and I remember Waterloo, too.

"Howdy, Buggy." Hop's manner was democratic.

"They don't call him that any more, Hop. Strug's in college now. When he bought his *new* car, they changed his name from Buggy to Struggle. It's too long, so—"

"Strug, fancy that!" Hop clapped Strug on the back. "Well, put it there, old Strug, old thug."

Strug groped for repartee. Hop wasn't such a hot handle. Just because he could push a crate around didn't mean he could push—men around.

Oh, didn't it. Strug swallowed some punch, and another course of acute nonentity, and made it out the back door. It didn't help any to realize that no one would miss him. It helped less to think of Winky—

She skipped Home Nursing on Friday evening, and Strug phoned her house to remind her that examinations were in the offing.

"I'm all over *grim* to think of them, Strug," she admitted, "but I'm afraid I can't make connections this evening."

All day Saturday he stuck around, after ordering the orchid, expecting the

phone to ring momentarily. And to hear Winky say, "I'm too horribly sorry, Strug. About tonight, that is. And the dance and all. But—"

At exactly five it did ring. Strug fell over the sofa leaping to stifle it.

"Hello, Strug?" It was Winky. "You haven't forgotten about tonight? I've told—*everybody* I had a heavy with you."

"It still goes?" It was like a reprieve. Strug held tight to the phone.

"Strug, are you a *goon*? When a girl makes a date with a man, does she run around just brazenly breaking it? What's nibbling you, Strug Derian?"

Something very small, he could have said, and very green. He said, "You're nuts. I'll be there."

"Oh, Strug. I knew I had something simply vital to tell you. Strug, I finished the sweater. It's absolutely *dreamy*. I was working *cons* before dawn."

"Gee," Strug said. "Swell!"

"Strug," she added, "remind me to tell you you're really a very sweet chap."

Chap. He hung up, brooding.

THINGS BEGAN to go wrong from that point on. After six weeks of morbid existence saving to buy her an orchid, the Elite Flower Shoppe called him just before supper and asked if gardenias would do. The orchid he'd ordered had been sold by mistake. They were too dreadfully sorry. There wasn't any way of getting another from the city before tomorrow.

"That's just dandy," Strug said, and slammed down the receiver. Gardenias.

How could a man go around and accept a gift like a sweater from a girl like Winky and simply bring her gardenias? It was the principle of the thing, no less.

During supper a grim thought struck him. What color were Hop Magee's eyes?

"Say, Mom," Strug said. "What color eyes has Hop Magee got?"

For a moment, nobody spoke. Mr. Derian looked up, sort of askance. Mrs. Derian said, "Whatever does it matter? That's a strange question from you, Strug!"

"Never mind what kind of question it is. What kind of eyes has Hop got?"

"Why, brown, of course. They're large and so expressive. They were blue when he was born, I can remember when they began to turn brown, his mother was dreadfully disappointed."

"That," Strug said, "was his mother."

MRS. ENWRIGHT opened the door. She looked pretty adequate for an old girl. If Winky turned out to be that slick when she was pushing forty, old age would have its compensations. That is, Strug amended the thought, if he had Winky.

"Oh, hello, Strug," Mrs. Enwright said. "Winky just went out to the kitchen for a look at the sweater. Such a

BLOOD GIFT FOR THE WOUNDED

By Carol Coates

Here in this vial a heartbeat lives, sealed by a surgeon's skill—a sleeping pulse that Time and Space defy till wakened by the wounded cry of Death.

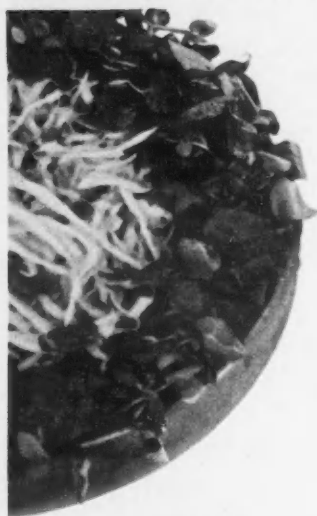
It fights afar: on Libyan sands, in Russian skies, upon the Seven Seas, hastens to the heart of him who faints on Freedom's front.

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

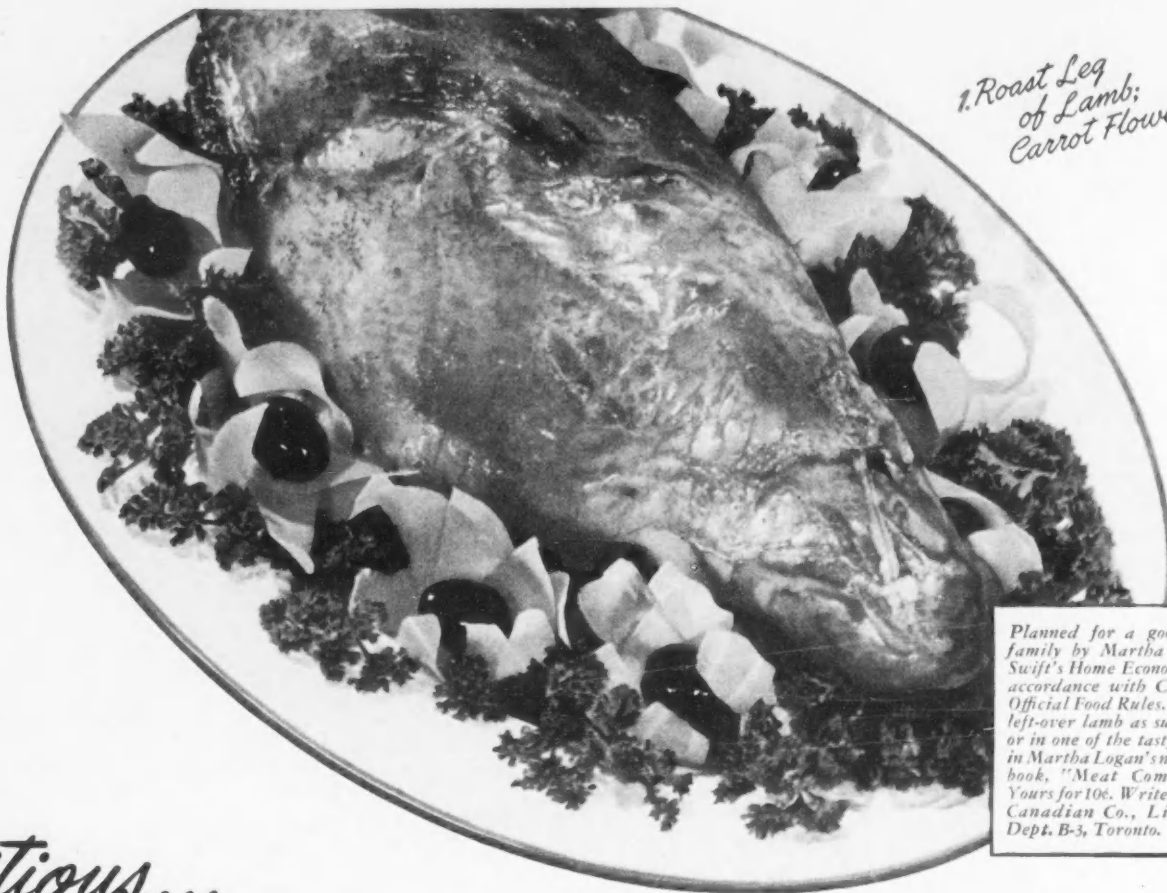
GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR



* For addition to or supplementing diets deficient in these elements



4. Cole Slaw;
Special Dressing



1. Roast Leg
of Lamb;
Carrot Flowers

Planned for a good-sized family by Martha Logan, Swift's Home Economist, in accordance with Canada's Official Food Rules. Use the left-over lamb as suggested or in one of the tasty dishes in Martha Logan's new cook book, "Meat Complete." Yours for 10¢. Write to Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Dept. B-3, Toronto.

Nutritious...

this meal with SWIFT'S PREMIUM LAMB

And it gives you *grand meat left-overs**

1. Isn't it a tempter—Swift's Premium Leg of Lamb with this gay garnish? Tender, juicy, delicate in flavour, lamb that carries the words *Swift's Premium* has been selected for you by expert meat graders. We realize that, these days, you can't always get Swift's Premium Lamb. But when you can, you'll find any cut of it delicious. And it supplies complete, high-quality proteins; B vitamins; essential minerals. To fix the garnish: make 2-inch slices of carrot with potato peeler; attach black olives with ½-inch toothpick.

2. My, but rice tastes good with lamb gravy! A pleasant change from potatoes, it's a fine energy food. Green peas make a hit with 'most every-

one . . . including nutritionists. Canada's Official Food Rules recommend two servings of leafy green or yellow vegetables daily.

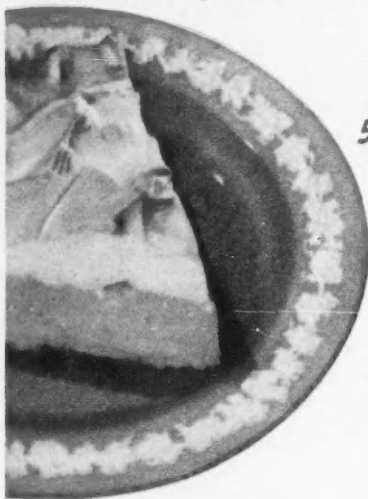
3. Be sure you get *Canada Approved* bread, for its vitamin B₁. Butter is an important source of vitamin A.

4. Crispy, crunchy cole slaw provides a texture contrast and lots of vitamin C. Watercress and green pepper add flavour and vitamins. For a tasty dressing made without oil: dissolve ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt in ¼ cup vinegar diluted with ¼ cup water. Into this stir ½ cup top milk or cereal cream.

5. Three mighty nutritious foods—milk, eggs, and orange juice—go into toothsome Orange Cream Pie. In choosing a beverage for the meal, see that it's milk, as always, for the children. If the grown-ups have coffee or tea, be sure they get their daily pint of milk in other ways.



2. Fluffy Rice;
Green Peas



5. Orange
Cream Pie

*LEFT-OVERS

USE 'EM for lamb stew, lamb croquettes, ground lamb sandwiches. And try this tasty main dish: Brown 1 tbsp. chopped onion and 1 tbsp. chopped celery in 3 tbsps. fat. Add 2 tbsps. flour; blend. Add 2 cups tomatoes, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. chili powder, 1½ to 2 cups diced cooked lamb, and 1 cup water. Cook slowly for 10 minutes. Serve on hot cooked rice or noodles (Serves 6).

"EAT THESE FOODS EVERY DAY!"

says our Government's Nutrition Services

MEAT, FISH, ETC.—One serving a day of meat, fish or poultry. Liver, heart or kidney once a week.

FRUITS—One serving of tomatoes daily, or a citrus fruit, or tomato or citrus fruit juices, and one serving of other fruits, fresh, canned or dried.

VEGETABLES (as well as one serving of potatoes)—Two servings daily of vegetables.

preferably leafy green, or yellow, and frequently raw.

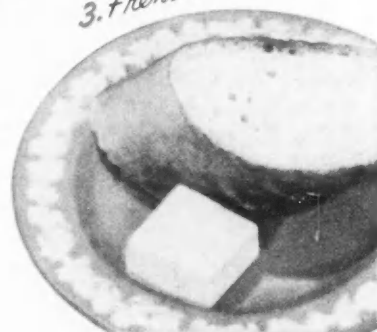
BREAD—One serving of whole grain cereal and four to six slices of Canada Approved Bread, brown or white.

MILK—Adults: ½ pint. Children: more than one pint. Some cheese, as available.

EGGS—At least 3 or 4 eggs weekly.

ADD ANY OTHERS THAT YOU LIKE

3. French Bread



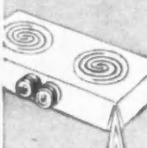
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**IRONS - TOASTERS
HEATERS
RANGES - RANGETTES**

RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR
COMPANY LIMITED - RENFREW, ONTARIO

Shut My Mouth

Continued from page 16

Miss Hubbard (brightly): "Doctor Livingston, I presume."

Mr. Livingston (with a pained smile): "No, just Livingston. No relation."

Miss Hubbard: "Well, my name is Hubbard."

Mr. Livingston (chuckling): "Not Old Mother Hubbard, ha, ha, ha? I guess not."

Miss Hubbard (coldly): "No, not Old Mother or Young Mother either. Just Miss Hubbard."

There is a brief pause. Mr. Livingston is already beginning to lose interest, and Miss Hubbard is thinking sadly, "Why did I ever let myself be picked up by this dope?" She is an amiable girl, however, and she decides to make the best of the situation.

Miss Hubbard: "It was awfully nice of you to pick me up, Mr. Livingston. You know, an awful lot of motorists don't. Just the other day I heard about a soldier who was on his last leave and he was trying to get back to Edmonton. He said that all the big cars with V for Victory signs on them went sailing right by and it was just the shabby little cars that stopped to pick him up. Imagine! They had these big V for Victory signs and they wouldn't even stop to pick up a soldier! You'd think, when he was in the Army, they'd at least stop. But no, it was only the little shabby cars that ever stopped and the big cars with V for Victory plastered all over them just sailed right past—"

Mr. Livingston: "Uh-huh, I get it. (After a pause) Now you take me, I always stop for a soldier. I make it a rule, too, to stop if I see a girl wearing slacks, because I figure she's a war worker."

Miss Hubbard: "A lot of people think we shouldn't wear slacks on the street, but I always say why not if it's comfortable. I know I look simply terrible in slacks but I don't care, I wear them anyway."

Mr. Livingston (after a pause): "I always say, some girls can wear them and some can't, or anyway shouldn't. Now there's a girl on our street wears slacks, I see her nearly every day, and she looks like, uh, uh, like—"

Miss Hubbard: "Like the Wreck of the Hesperus, I bet. A lot of them do."

Mr. Livingston: "No, what I was going to say, she looks like a million dollars. Kid about eighteen."

Miss Hubbard: "I guess that's the age you like them. Eighteen."

Mr. Livingston (making an effort): "No, matter of fact, I like them a more sensible age, say twenty-seven or twenty-eight."

Miss Hubbard (laughing): "I guess that lets me out. I won't be twenty-five till next September. Of course I've had a lot of responsibility, and that makes me seem older. I've had to look after my two kid sisters ever since I was fifteen."

Mr. Livingston (touched): "I bet you were a cute kid when you were fifteen."

Miss Hubbard: "Oh I was terrible. Stringy hair, freckles, bands on my teeth. (A pause) However, I guess I must have got over it some. The other day a friend of my Dad's was in and he said gosh he'd never have believed it, I looked exactly like Bette Davis. Imagine! Me!"

Mr. Livingston (desperately): "Ha,



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

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Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee



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I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the special shade of Tangee's UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.

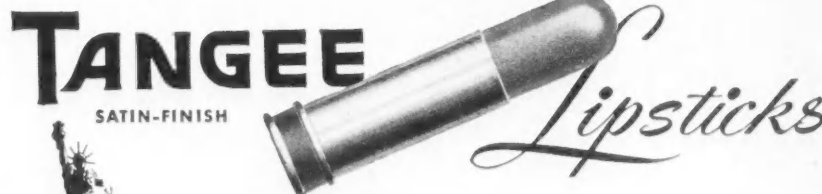


NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade,"...always flattering.

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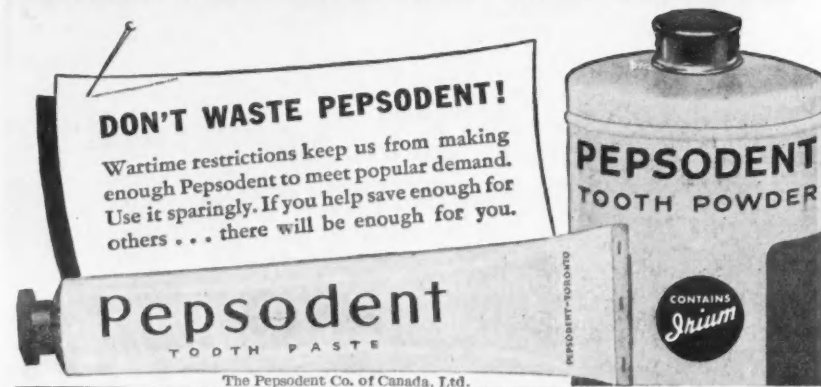
teeth—safely—in short order. Pepsodent also contains exclusively the new scientific discovery Composite Metaphosphate . . . super polishing agent that brings more lustre and sparkle to teeth than ever before.

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Add beauty to your smile. Don't delay. Buy Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.

OF ALL TOOTH PASTES AND POWDERS

ONLY PEPSODENT HAS IRIUM



job! The poor child's all worn out."

Strug bore the innuendo.

"I'm sorry it tired her so much," he said. "Seemed to me, she enjoyed her knitting. Mind if I trek out there, Mrs. Enwright?"

"To the kitchen? No, certainly not. Winky's dressed and all ready to go. Run along, Strug."

In the kitchen door, he stopped.

Winky was dressed all right. Dressed and then some. The new bangs bloomed in curls all over her forehead. And an orchid bloomed on her shoulder. There was a clip in her hair. Hop's clip. It was a definite clue to the orchid.

"Hiya, Winks." Strug squeezed out the words.

"Am I usque ad nauseum?" Winky groaned. "I told you I finished the sweater, didn't I? Well, of course it's hard to judge before it's blocked, but how do you like the dyeing job?"

She motioned to a mess of limp brown wool stretched out on a stained crash towel.

"You mean that's the—" words failed him.

"Sure, the sweater. I—" Winky paused. "I just didn't like the color. I still don't. It's a putrid shade of brown. Simply revolting, don't you think? Of course, when it's dry—"

Strug was dry now. Behind the ears. Of a sudden, he had slipped from youth into man's estate. This, he realized, was life setting in. And women, at their worst.

"Yeh," he managed, "it sure stinks, all right."

"Strug"—Winky sailed in a billow of tulle before him—"thanks utterly for the gardenias. You don't mind if I let Mumsy wear them. You know how stunning white is, on a black formy. And since I'm wearing yellow—"

"Neat bud you're sporting," Strug said.

"You'll perish over the way Hop bought it. Some goon, it seems, had actually ordered an orchid, then tried to *chisel* the price down. To hear Hop tell it is too simply psychological!"

Wordless, Strug helped her into her wrap. His knees felt like boiled macaroni. There was a hard knot inside of him that might have once been a heart.

"I guess Hop asked you to the dance tonight. I don't see why you didn't let him drag you." Out in the car, Strug saw no point in carrying through. A mess was a mess, and why alibi?

"Because you were taking me, Strug. Going with another man just wouldn't be cricket."

Cricket. Jeppers, it was catching!

"Well, you can cricket all over the place with him when you get there, for all I care. You can even marry him, and have you a big wedding."

"That," said Winky, "is a rapturous idea. Strug, stop being infantile. If I were younger, I might think you were jealous."

The country club was a blur of people. Strug hovered about, biding his time for a powder. A man could take just so much. Beyond that, it was corny to suffer. After all, there were other women.

To prove it, he did the rumbogie with Biddy. And for plain cussedness, cut twice on Hop. Winky melted into his arms, orchid and clip and all.

A sophisticate didn't brood.

"What's simmering, Winky?" he said.

"Strug, please don't call me Winky. My real name's Marguerite. Isn't this dance *audacious*? As Hop was saying—" Hop was saying "scram," on Strug's right shoulder.

He didn't cut after that. A girl named Marguerite with an unchiselled orchid and a gilt-edged proposal wasn't quite his pace. Might as well call it an epoch and slink on home.

He moved through the dance-jam slowly, and walked on down to the car. A big round moon observed him. The night had the nerve to be perfect.

Some day he'd make her sorry. He'd volunteer on a suicide flight. And win a posthumous V.C. They'd plaster his picture all over the papers and she'd remember that blasted brown dye.

There was a funny feeling in his throat. He swallowed around it, and plowed on down the drive.

"Strug," a small voice accosted him in the darkness. A small choked voice, with a sob in it.

Winky was huddled in his car, dabbing at her face with a soggy ball of a handkerchief.

"Oh, Strug," she said, "I've been such a *fiendish* fool. Treating you so—so simply sadistic, and all for a dud like Hop."

Strug got into the car. He listened, and it didn't make sense. But it made the loveliest music.

"What goes on?" he said. "The last time I cut, you—"

"Just let me forget, Strug. It wasn't until we sat one out that he told me. He's engaged to a girl in England—a colonel's daughter. They're going to be married as soon as he gets back. He says he's always enjoyed knowing me because I'm such a 'sweet kid.' Imagine the insult! . . . Oh, Strug, and my beautiful sweater. I picked the color special to go with your eyes, and *now*—"

Strug tried, but he couldn't see anything wrong with now. He said, hopefully, "What about hair, Winks? Couldn't a sweater match a guy's hair? Now, when it comes to putrid shades of brown—"

He switched on the car light's, and Winky smiled. Mistily. Minus knitting needles. Creepers, this was a break! He headed for the River Road. "As I was saying—"

"Yeh," she whispered, on his side of the broken spring, "it sure stinks, all right."+

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"Not really. When all this is over you will go back. You can look forward to that. And you said yourself, when you are on the job you are happy. I have no work to do. I haven't even that. I did have a job of work. But my—my health broke down. I'll be out of things for a while. But please, don't let's talk about me. Tell me more about Canada. I know so little except that it is so big."

She did not look delicate. The sunburn was misleading. But he saw, now that he was close to her, the transparency, the dewiness of weakness round her eyes, and that there were faint hollows in her throat and cheeks. Perception of this had an odd effect on him and, obeying her, he talked about his home, telling it as a story to a child, taking more care to make the picture a happy one, vivid and charming. When he saw her face alight and glowing, he felt elated, successful. She said:

"Sunlight on snow makes it so different. That place . . . I'd like to see that."

"You might . . . one day. The war won't last forever."

"I'll never see it," she said.

He would not have that. "How can you tell? I never knew that at this time of my life I would be in England. I had planned my life, I was following it, hell-bent. Nothing was going to interrupt me. An Atlantic crossing didn't come into it . . . not yet. But here I am."

SHE SAW him then for the first time, looking at him with narrowed gaze. His was a strong young face, with a mouth cut cleanly and beautifully, and his eyes were blue and innocent; yet they must have looked on a good deal of horror, one way and another. She said warmly, personally:

"You must resent this interruption."

He grinned. "I do . . . when I'm on long leave. I have time to ask myself what it is all about, and come to no conclusions. Everybody back home seems safe enough anyhow, and I look at the people I pass and think I don't know you, you don't know me . . . what am I risking my neck for anyway? And then I wish I had a stake in the country, right under my eyes, someone or something. And as there isn't any someone . . ." he stopped suddenly, then grinned again and said:

"I did a fool thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"While I was staying with these people I told you about. They live in lovely country and I went walking about the place. And in a village as big as a pin I saw a house. You can't call it a house—just two rooms up and two down—and I went and took an option on it. I thought, well if I own that I'll have a bit of England all right. Because it has no plumbing and no bathroom and no heating, but it has a thatched roof and roses all over it, and that's about as English as they come. What do you think?"

Her laughter throbbed in her throat and he was filled with warm delight. The throat of a singing bird would quiver like that. But the clock struck the half-hour and her laughter died. She said quickly:

"I'm afraid . . . I'll have to ask you to go. I told you . . ."

"Yes. I know. Half an hour. But this is not the end of it surely? You haven't told me your name . . . I mean, we've got along so well. Couldn't we meet some other time when you're free?"

I've told you how I'm fixed. So unless there's anybody . . . it's up to you, of course, whether you want to or not."

It was the end. Of him. Of anyone like him. Of little snatched delights, and great ones. She felt a warm rush of gratitude dissipate for a moment the cold panic in her breast. She said quickly, tenderly:

"Nothing can come of it. I don't want to tell you why. But I'll always be grateful to you. This afternoon will not be a pleasant memory for me, except for your coming into it. Your being mixed up in it, and your kindness will make it easier to remember. I do thank you. And now please leave me alone here, will you?"

BUT IT was too late. As he thrust his chair back, the man she was expecting came toward their table. He was in uniform, a tall, good-looking man who approached tentatively, unsmiling. His embarrassment was obvious in his movements.

"Hullo, Joan," he said, then looked briefly at MacLeod. "Hope I'm not late."

"You're not late, Chris. In fact, you're early. Molly told me half-an-hour."

"Yes. But I thought you were alone here."

"I'm just shoving off," MacLeod said, but the girl said quickly in a high gay voice:

"There's no need really. Chris . . . this is a friend of mine, Ross MacLeod. Captain James." She introduced them smoothly. "After all, we've nothing private to say to each other, have we, Chris?"

MacLeod was standing very stiff and still. Her voice had been like a physical pull for help. It seemed as if her small hand had been outstretched to him, and by an effort of will he kept his by his side. He bowed slightly to the newcomer.

"I could come back," he said, but Captain James, after a moment of obvious bewilderment, appeared relieved. He said too heartily:

"If Joan feels it's all right for it to be this way, I don't mind. I had expected to find her alone. But I can say 'thank you' in public. You've been wonderful about it, Joan. I didn't want it to be this way, but Molly evidently knew best. There has been so little time. It has all come upon me with a rush."

"I'm glad I met her," Joan said. "I like her. I wish you had told me sooner."

"My dear girl, I would have done! But I might say, why didn't you tell me? I hadn't an earthly until Molly told me how you felt, that our minds were running in the same direction." He smiled, again a shade uncertain. "You could have saved me a lot of sweat."

"Well, it's cleared up now. And you know I hope you'll be very happy."

"I can return that," James said, with sincerity. "No one deserves happiness more than you do." He paused, then looked at the Canadian.

"I suppose you come into this, MacLeod?"

"Yes. I come into it," MacLeod said. He did not look at the girl.

"I see," James said briefly, thinking he did see, otherwise the whole thing was odd, and not in the best taste. Well, the subject could be left now. With this fellow here there had been really no need for him to come at all; an embarrassment all round, Joan was questioning

"There's no bulge in our budget"

"I don't know how you do it, Vi. Every week I expect a nasty bulge in our budget, but somehow or other . . ."

"There's no 'somehow' about it, Fred. You know that. Ever since you talked about dropping some life insurance I've taken this budgeting business as seriously as you do. You frightened me, Fred. The thought of facing all the years ahead, with kiddies to bring up . . . I'd rather skimp a little now and make sure they'll be taken care of."

"Pretty tough going, though, with these extra taxes and savings. And a fellow must keep buying war bonds, too."

"I feel the same way, but my, I'm thankful we've been able to keep up our insurance."

"We'll always keep it up. Women and children come first. Life insurance is their business—the most democratic business of them all. It's run for the people by the people. And we've got to stick together—togetherness is our security."



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

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Lovely Barbara Sellers of Winnipeg, Manitoba, is a member of the Women's Auxiliary of both the Royal Canadian Air Force and Navy—does canteen work, sews, sells war benefit tickets. Of skin care says Barbara: "I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail to clear my skin. Woodbury Soap quickly brings sparkle and smoothness to my complexion."

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ha, ha! (After a moment.) Well, as I was saying, you take these war workers, they work hard and get themselves all tired out and that's when they're liable to come down with a bad cold or something. So I'm glad to give them a lift whenever I get a chance. Now my wife, she's a great Red Cross worker and along about Christmas she got this cold and it turned to pneumonia and she was in bed I guess almost two months."

Miss Hubbard (at the mention of Mrs. Livingston her look has glazed over slightly): "Yes, I guess you're right. I've got a cousin, and she got a cold and it turned to double pneumonia, with pleurisy, and she was in bed a year and a half. (Triumphantly) She had four little children, too."

Mr. Livingston (dully): "That so? Look, let me know when you want to get off, won't you. I wouldn't want to carry you past your stop."

Miss Hubbard (with spirit): "I get

off right here, thank you very much."

Mr. Livingston: "Well, good-by, Miss Hubbard. Glad to have met you."

Miss Hubbard: "Good-by Mr. Livingston. And nice to have known you."

Checking with the rules, we see that Miss Hubbard has managed, within a few short blocks, to commit every possible conversational error. There is, however, one rule which covers the whole field of conversation and which we have saved for the last—the old rule that the girl who never makes any mistakes never makes anything. She is the girl who turns a firm profile and a deaf ear to anything but the most impersonal conversation. She is always beyond reproach because she never allows the wayward, incalculable and deeply vulnerable ego to pop up, exposing itself and her. You can have this stately model. If you don't mind, we'll take Miss Hubbard. ♦

Afternoon Tea :: Continued from page 15

I put it over." Then, as if her self-absorption had been punctured, she added in a more lively voice:

"Is that Canada on your shoulder? I've not known many Canadians."

He smiled. "They aren't all as fresh as I am."

"I think you've been very kind. I did feel queer for a minute. A—a sort of delayed action shock it was."

"Uh uh . . . it looked like that." As she seemed to have recovered now, there seemed nothing to do but get up and go. For a moment he wavered, but the pull was too strong and he said, in a rush:

"In the handbooks it says treat shock with warm tea . . . I've just ordered more hot water. Could I bring it here?"

She had such an expressive face, he could see her turning that over in her mind, the first conventional recoil, like a glazing, a hardening. But in the end she said:

"I don't mind. If you want to. I have to meet someone here in half an hour. Until then . . . it doesn't matter."

HE UNDERSTOOD that anyone who had gone so deep into the pit of despair could not find a little thing like convention mattering. He was an ordinary human fellow, so he was stirred and curious. But he was content to wait. There was no urgency about his curiosity. He would know, sometime, the reason behind all this. When the waitress, who appeared to have no interest in this happening, had transferred the teapot and brought another cup, he said:

"I haven't said thank you. But I do thank you. I was feeling particularly isolated. I'm grateful to you for accepting me and realizing I . . . won't take advantage of it."

"I know you won't take advantage of it," she said in an odd voice, hard and hurt, which dissolved this beginning of normality. He looked at her quickly. Her face, like her voice, had hardened. Yet it was still beautiful. He felt that he could look for hours, through days, and a lifetime at that lovely little face with its changing moods. A man wouldn't grow tired of that face, he thought. Even if she looked ugly or sick or old, her mind would show through her eyes, and in the curve of her mouth; and not even her real mind sometimes. Because

all this time she had looked so happy, and she was not happy at all. You would have to look deep for the truth, and for a long time.

He did not believe in the half-hour she had tossed to him, because it did not matter. This would not be the end. One always knew. It was like getting on the tail of an enemy plane. Somehow you knew if it was to be yours or not. If you had that cold certain feeling, all the cloud in heaven, and the space and the speed could not take it away from you. You just kept on. And sooner or later you found it. It was yours to take.

He knew how to be patient. She was not ready to tell him anything at all. She was asking him quick questions, pouring tea with unsteady small hands. Each question was like a call for a life line. There was more ordeal ahead of her then. She wanted escape to gather strength. Like someone hard-pressed, she hurled herself into the shelter of his strangeness.

He told her his name, Ross MacLeod, and how he did not know much about the first Ross MacLeod, but his great-grandmother had been Scottish too, and there were many tales in the family about her. She had gone into a wilderness with her husband, and from the log hut they had lived in had grown the big sprawling house which was now his home. There were nine in his family, so she could understand why his homesickness was bulkier than most people's.

"It's fine when I'm on the job. I don't notice it. But on leave . . . one feels a professional visitor and not very high up in one's profession."

She said, "I can understand that. But it is not simply because you are in a strange country. I have never been out of England in my life, but because I have no home and no people . . . no one that is, in particular, I am a visitor as much as you are."

She did not seem aware of revealing anything, so he went on smoothly, quietly, like a trapper.

"But you must live somewhere and it's your native air you breathe, and your familiar scene."

She gave a tiny shrug. "Yes. But the house is not mine and . . ." she stopped abruptly, wary. He said: "Our cases are somewhat similar then?"

BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style, Health and Personality

She's Having a Baby

By Carolyn Damon, Fashion Editor

AND proud of it. See those perky little bows tied at the front of her dresses up above? She likes them. She and the thousands of other mothers-to-be are demanding gay touches like these in maternity fashion departments all over Canada. Because they're too busy and too pleased about it all to be bothered with the subterfuge and nobody-must-know attitude of their grandmothers.

We're mighty proud of these pictures and the girl who posed for them. She's a Canadian business girl, the wife of an R.C.A.F. man now overseas. Like thousands of young Canadian wives who are having babies this year, her attitude is one of dignity, sanity (particularly about her health), and complete naturalness.

She came with us to the special stylist for such clothes, and helped us choose them. For one of the most important fashion rules for pre-event wear is that the wearer should like the styles and colors, and feel happy and pretty in them.

"Pretty" is the word in this case, definitely. Smartness, sophistication, tailoring can be left waiting for next year. But Nature turns beautician, and gives the normal, healthy young mother-to-be a new kind of prettiness that she may never have achieved before. There's something about her hair—a new vitality and shininess; something about her face—a fresh

Around the house: a white polka dot on ocean blue, with sash that ties either back or front, as wearer desires.

For dress-up: a gay carrot print, with crisp piqué collar, detachable. "Monk's front" fullness.

Off to work: in a grey English lama swagger coat and a youthful hat faced with white piqué.

For downtown: the smart drawstring dress adapts cleverly for maternity wear. This is in royal blue rayon crepe.

Coat, hat and maternity dresses shown by courtesy Robert Simpson Co.

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



**Warmer clothes and indoor living
increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day.**

SOcial GET-TOGETHERS, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—stays longer in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl who is deceived by Winter—who thinks that now she doesn't perspire!



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come. Yet speedy Mum takes only 30 seconds.



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MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours to come! Winter as in summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. Stay dainty, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Daintiness lasts! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin. Use Mum even right after underarm shaving. You'll like Mum!

him and he plunged gratefully into talk of his future movements.

"It's not the first embarkation leave I've had," he said. "But I'm afraid it's genuine this time, just when I've got so much good reason for wishing it weren't." He reddened suddenly and laughed.

"Things that might have been better put! I mean . . . well . . ."

"My dear, don't apologize," Joan said. "We've both agreed it was a mistake."

But James had had enough. He was wondering desperately how he could make his excuses and go. He began tentatively:

"Well, I hope we'll all meet before I push off. You're staying in town for a bit, Joan? You're looking awfully well."

"No. I'm going down tomorrow. I'm really very well now, much better. But for the present, town doesn't mean much to me. So I'm afraid this must be our good-by. When you come back . . ." she spoke hurriedly and she held out her hand to him. He took it strongly, gratefully, as he rose and for a moment his face worked.

"All the luck in the world, Joan." There seemed nothing more to be said. At first it had given him a jolt, seeing the chap there. How did they stand? Better say nothing. Pass it over. But his being there had shortened the interview, and it did make one feel less of a rotter. Whew! Poor little kid. This was grand luck. Her falling for someone else.

For a moment, with her hand still in his, he was shaken by a memory. She was a wonderful girl, and this had been the most wonderful thing of all. Understanding. Making it so easy for him. A painless few minutes. He almost loved her again.

"You must go. Molly will be waiting for you. And with so little time, every minute will count."

That pulled him together. There was Molly, and so little time. He gave her hand a last friendly pat, then nodded to MacLeod.

SHE DID not go to pieces this time. But she watched Chris walk down the room away from her, then, when he had gone into the street, she lowered her eyes and sat silent for so long that the Canadian said at last:

"I'm still here, you know."

She looked up swiftly then, "I know. I've been wondering what I can say to you. I can't think of anything except thank you. It was an awful thing to do to you . . . a stranger." The shadows round her eyes had deepened and she spoke in a low voice, but it was steady enough.

"You don't have to thank me. I'm glad you let me stay."

"I suppose you've guessed, more or less, what it's all about?"

"More or less. I take it you were engaged to him, and you've just handed him over to somebody else . . . and done it as if you liked it!"

"Yes," she said. "I suppose that was plain," she tried to smile, but it was a bleak affair and soon over.

"And it was all sprung on you here this afternoon?"

She considered that. "Yes, in a way. I did not know about the girl, though I think I've known for a long time that there was someone else. Even if there wasn't, I knew he had changed toward

✦ Continued on page 37

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safeguard
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FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

Suits, and anything that looks like suits, hold the attention in New York fashions these days. I've never seen so many suits—and two-piece effects—in my ten years in New York. Suits for juniors, those brief little persons who wear a mere 11 to 15 . . . suits for misses . . . suits for stouts . . . suits for little women (meaning you are short but delightfully plump) . . . If it's a suit, or looks like a suit, wear it this spring!

☆☆ **Blouses** to wear with these suits fall into two classes. First, the tailored blouse to wear during the daytime. Second, dressier blouses to doll the suit up, if a date comes up all of a sudden. Those dressy blouses may be a frilly dicky or jabot (back again in style!), or a vividly striped scarf pinch-hitting for a blouse.

Grey and navy are about neck-to-neck for the color honors, but it seems to me grey has the edge. Pink and pale blue blouses or neckwear run second to the eternal white, than which there is nothing lovelier.

☆☆ **Two-piece Dresses**—ofttimes the skirt a bright color, the top a sombre shade—flaunt their way through the

spring picture. Splashy prints, smaller in design than in other springs, take the limelight in yellow, topped with navy or black. You'll be seeing lots of these in April. A grand way to make use of a jacket that is still good, but has lost its allure, is to mate it with a colorful print skirt and pipe the edges of the top with the same print.

☆☆ **Stripes and Checks** as trimming are noted in all the fashion showings. Pippings on pockets, collars and cuffs, etc are an excellent pick-me-up for the new dark-colored ensembles.

☆☆ **Hats Are Downright Silly**—isn't that grand? Small, brimming over with flowers, veilings, ruffles, etc., these will help round the suit season into a livelier spring than last year, when New York fashions were still breathing heavy from the Pearl Harbor affair. Hats will have more attention paid to them than in several seasons. While most of the gals will have a few of those head shawls handy, they must have at least one giddy hat, and the giddier the better.

☆☆ **Speaking of Hats**—I was over at the Advertising Club t'other night when we entertained a bunch of airmen from Canada and Australia. One bright young French-Canadian from out Brandon way told me that his sisters used to read "Shorts" and he said he felt he knew me! When I recovered, I asked him what he thought of the New York girls. Being gallant, as all our *Canadiens* are, he told me that he thought they were lovely but wore the craziest hats! "Don't you like the hats?" I asked him. "Yes—I just wish I could send my sisters back home some of the hats I see here. I never knew there could be so many different sort of hats and they all look lovely." A young Australian confided to me that he had bought two hats, one for his sister and one for his mother, and hoped these would reach Australia all right. "What colors?" I asked. "Lilac for mother, and pink for my sister. They both have such beautiful complexions I know they will look 'dinkum' on them."

So if anyone wonders what these lads are thinking about when in New York, take it from me, they think of the Girls They Left Behind Them. They like our American fashions but, frankly, I suspect they think they are wasted on us. They would love to dress up you gals with our silly things, plank you in New York, and watch you steal the show from us. They know—as I do—that you would! (By the way, some of you may have boys who are visiting New York. Well, you can throw out your chests and be proud of them. Our boys, be they from Canada, England, Australia, New Zealand or other parts of the British Commonwealth, are rated by the Hosts and Hostesses of New York as the kindest, finest, grandest lads in the world . . .)

☆☆ **Lilac**—and all shades thereof have come into spring with a happy assurance that they will do right well by our Nell. I've told you before—I tell you again—



Courtesy Tip-Top Tailors

Here's a smartly tailored version of the simplified silhouette for spring, 1943—a small check tweed equally at home in the office or for week-ends in the country.

"Me-enter
a beauty contest?
Don't be silly, I said!"



But lovely "Miss War-Worker", Dorothy Linham, was finally persuaded. She entered the contest . . . and won. And here's the story!

"Beauty contests were the farthest thing from my mind . . . but the girls at the Plant kept egging me on. I just laughed at them: Listen, I argued, be reasonable, who in the world would look twice at me since I've become a 'no-time-to-fuss-soap-and-water-girl.' Anyway, I've got a little contest with the Axis—right here on my inspection bench!

But they put up such a chorus that for the sake of peace, in I went! Well, the results practically floored me. Me—"Miss War Worker" I'm thrilled to my toe-tips!

You can just bet I'm staying with my basic beauty routine. Just two minutes twice a day to pat PALMOLIVE'S creamy lather over my face, throat and shoulders—a rinse off with warm water and a swoosh of cold . . . that's all there is to it! And honestly, my complexion's smooth and soft as silk. And I certainly owe that super blend of Olive and Palm oils in Palmolive a great big prize for keeping a sensitive skin like mine so free from irritation.

Of course, it's always new, improved Palmolive for my beauty baths, too! Why, it's positively smooth the way Palmolive chases away the dirt . . . leaves me fresh and pepped right up after a hard day's work. And, m-m-m-m, do I love that Palmolive perfume—it's so heavenly fragrant and light."

NOW MORE THAN EVER

I TRUST *Palmolive*

TO KEEP ME LOVELY—FOR HIM!



Imagine **ME** leading a double life!



Ever have days when you wish you could run away from your other self?

For weeks you go along singing, smiling and working like a soldier. There's lots to be done—at school and the Canteen . . . at home, where you've taken over K. P. for Mom. Later at Service Dances where you're a regular, you look all crisp and shining.

Then there's that Double — your other self. Telling you that you *can't* keep going! Your confidence does a dim-out and you call Peg to make excuses for tonight.

"I know everyone's counting on me," you begin. "But what can I do?"

Peg tells you straight! It's *comfort* that makes the difference! You'll never know how big a difference until you try Kotex sanitary napkins. And she adds brightly:

"Don't forget—8 o'clock sharp!"

Banish that Double



Is it worth a try? And how! You'll learn that Kotex is more comfortable — made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

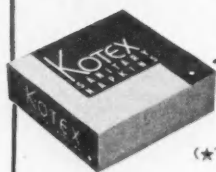
Now your confidence never misses a beat. Because Kotex has those patented improvements no other pad can offer! Like the 4-ply double-duty safety centre. And the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show because they're not stubby.

From now on you can be at your best *every day* of the month! That's why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!



"AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER" is a swell booklet that explains a girl's private life . . . gives tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . do's and don't's for "those days". Quick send your name and address on a post-card to Canadian Cellulose Products Co., Ltd., Dept. K31, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., for your copy. It's FREE!

Keep going in comfort



—with **Kotex!**

(★Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)

clarity and sparkle; and something about the young slimness of her ankles. Such points make up for her figure problems.

THERE ARE plenty of figure problems. No need to tell you that. But so much time and expert thought have been spent on designing the most becoming clothes for the "duration" that you can forget the time-worn butcher-boy smock and the fulsome surplice without a qualm.

Look at these pretty dresses for spring and summer wear, for example. A tiny figure or a polka dot—especially white or bright on a dark ground—are fresh and smart. If you are having only one dress, your best bet is a figured design.

Dresses with simple necklines on which you can snap or tack crisp white collars or pin a dainty nosegay or wear some costume jewellery will give you welcome changes of style diet.

There are all sorts of new tricks of design that give you the necessary expanding waistline. Drawstrings, rows of hooks and gathers fastened to elastic are among them. Waistline bows and sashes are often used to give you necessary room as you need it. These may be tiny side-ties that tuck away extra yardage, or right-around ties that can be fastened to the back later on if you wish.

If this is your spring for buying a coat, you can get one of the very good-looking swagger numbers which have a nice flare and sports look, like the one in the photograph. You won't find it in the maternity departments, because it's the kind of coat hundreds of girls like for all the time. It'll be just as smart next fall, next spring, as now.

WITH THE birth-rate up to an unprecedented high in Canada today, and so many prospective mothers with their husbands overseas, hundreds of girls are staying on in office or factory work for many months. So the stylists have designed a new group of maternity dresses—ones like that our model wears at the filing cabinet. It's much like the nice trim office dress any business girl wears, but there's some neat waistline trickery of elastic bands to tuck away spare material until it's needed.

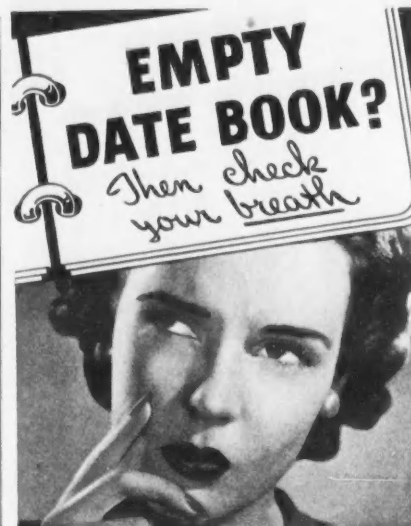
You can get specially designed lingerie—bras and slips and nighties—that are cleverly made to give you good fit with comfort. And of course your foundation garment is probably the most important of your clothes items. Whatever else you do or do not buy, be sure to get the right foundation.

OUR YOUNG model-for-the-day told us she manages to leave the house a little early and walk to work when the weather is nice. She's changed her noon lunch from a hurried sandwich and cup of coffee to a vegetable plate (or salad) and glass of milk.

And like hundreds of other young Canadian mothers-to-be who are on the job, she makes her monthly visit to the doctor on Sundays. So there's no danger of missing the appointment because she's kept late at work or is too tired after a long day at the office.

She's young—she's gay—and typical of the new, younger mothers-to-be.

We'll bet her letters overseas are full of good cheer. And we'd like to tell that flier husband of hers that he has a wife to be proud of. She stood for four hours under strong lights with many changes of costume and pose, when these photographs were being taken. And she came up smiling. +



76% of All Adults Have BAD BREATH

That's why it pays to use
COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER!

Bad breath is a *friends-loser* OTHERS always detect before YOU do yourself. So play safe. Guard your personality with Colgate's Tooth Powder.

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases Colgate's Tooth Powder instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY!

Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS!

Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath!



**COLGATE'S
TOOTH POWDER**
12½c, 25c, 40c

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**

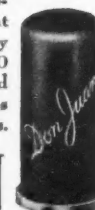


Don Juan PRESENTS
**MILITARY
RED**

Capture the spirit of today with Military Red . . . an exciting, gay Don Juan lipstick shade. You'll like its firm consistency—its creamy-smoothness—the alluring freshness it imparts to your lips! It's a time-saver, too—because it stays on for hours. No need to retouch your lips constantly!

DeLuxe Size Don Juan Lipstick in fashion shades at \$1.10. Refills 60¢. Also try Don Juan Face Powder, \$1.10 and Rouge 75¢. At drug and department stores. Trial sizes in all items, 17¢ at 15¢ stores.

DON JUAN





Wool-and-cotton vests are essential.

Articles sketched courtesy The Robert Simpson Co.

MAYBE YOU'RE assembling a layette this spring? You'll find the most comfortable baby clothes in the world all ready for our newest and youngest Canadians.

Designing of baby clothes in North America seems to be regarded practically as a science, supervised by pediatricians, fostered by keen and open-minded buyers, and put to the practical test every hour, every day, by the mothers.



Quilted pads for crib and carriage.

Data on Diapers

Take diapers, for instance. Buttercloth or gauze diapers, introduced very recently, are rapidly growing in favor and now share honors with birdseye (a cotton material, fleeced on one side, woven in diamond dot pattern), while the old stand-by, flannelette, is slowly losing ground. These very lightweight buttercloth diapers look rather thin, but you have six or eight layers under baby. They are ideally absorbent, easily and quickly washed and dried. Being such thin material, they are much less liable to retain any soap after washing, and so they don't irritate baby's skin, but even at that, all diapers should be rinsed in four or five changes of warm water.

Even more important from the pediatrician's point of view, these new diapers afford the minimum bulk between baby's legs.

Diaper Linings

They are of special thin paper, silky and absorbent, and as strong after 12 hours immersion in water as when dry. Put inside the diaper, next to the baby, this lining is comfortable and non-irritating; and of course it's disposable, like face tissues. At \$1.11 for a package of 200, it's comparatively cheap, as you use the linings only at certain times of



A set of thermometers for room and bath.

the day. Particularly when you add up the saving in time and labor which would otherwise be spent in washing badly soiled diapers.

Foundation Garments

All babies should own four vests.

Small Stuff

By Frances Turner

(The six months size, known as Size 2, is much more useful than the smallest size. You would be wise to reinforce the parts where the diaper is pinned on.) Hospital and summer babies wear Canadian-made knitted cotton vests, because these are unshrinkable and easily washed—an important point, as babies' vests are washed once a day or even twice. Winter babies wear fifty-fifty wool and cotton vests.

Gowns, Gertrudes, Dresses

Next in order of importance are the four gowns required. Something like 98 per cent of the gowns sold today are made of flannelette which is easily washed; the remaining 2 per cent are of nainsook or nun's veiling (wool albatross).

More and more mothers are finding it best to let baby spend the first few months of life attired comfortably in vest, diaper and gown, supplemented by the hose or hand-knitted wool booties that go up over the knees, and the fine wool sweaters showered on them by kind relations.

A lot of mothers, however, still look on "gertrudes" as essential. Gertrudes,



A comforter is useful.

of course, are baby's equivalent for a grownup's slip. They are comfy as can be, buttoning on the shoulder, with no drawstrings, no bumps, no bunches anywhere.

Certainly, if you're not hardened by familiarity against the charm of "dress-up" dresses, you'll fall for at least two of these tiny frocks with matching gertrudes, as well. They're irresistibly cunning—short, white, chic, and made of the finest batiste.

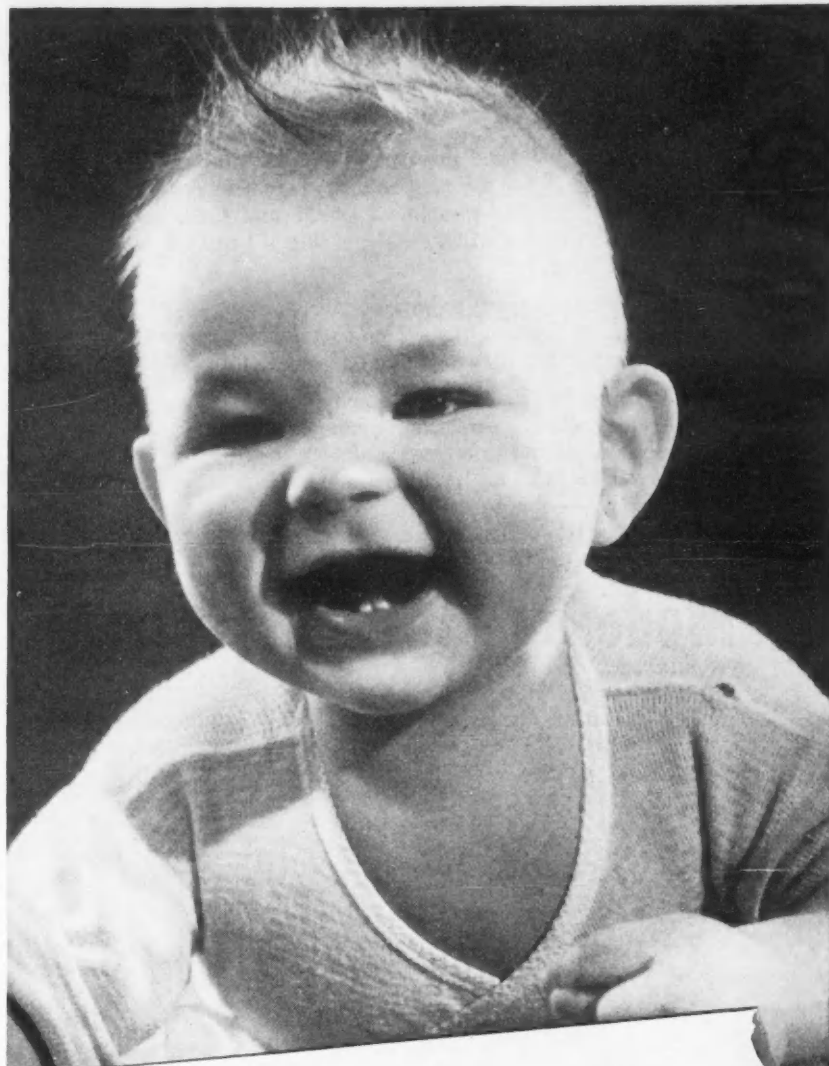
Woolies and Bonnets

Baby's wool shawl is useful a dozen times a day. The best come from England or Scotland.

Sweaters and jackets, booties and socks, presented to baby by friends and relations, are often bought ready-made.

Homemade or ready-made sweaters are styled very carefully to fit over a dress and not crush it, while still being comfortable. Indeed, baby's sweater fashions have changed as radically in the last few years as his mother's dresses.

But you probably will want to make baby's bonnets yourself, of silks and cottons for summer, handknit of fine wool for winter. Unless the wool is very closely knit, you would be wise to cover it with silk. + Continued on page 34



More Precious than Ever

Every baby becomes more precious --while health risks become greater--when the world is at war. Infection is an enemy always active on the home front--but especially in winter, when sickness spreads so easily. Fight a household war against germs, with LYSOL. Use LYSOL in your regular housecleaning. If sickness comes to your household, be ready with useful sick room necessities--including LYSOL. Your druggist has them.

LYSOL
Disinfectant

YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD
DRUGGIST
IS FEATURING
SICK ROOM
NEEDS NOW



Copyright 1943, by Lohr & Pinks Canada, Ltd.

FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY



Tomorrow



TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Tonight

Do you want to wake up clear-headed—wide-awake—full of pep tomorrow? Then don't let your stomach go sour during the night because of over-indulgence. Give that excessive acidity the one-two action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is more than a first rate alkaliizer. It does more than merely relieve the discomfort due to too much acid. Phillips' finishes the job. It acts as a

very gentle laxative—promotes mild yet thorough elimination. It's an ideal laxative-antacid.

The next time you eat a little too much—stay up too late smoking and drinking—try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at bedtime, and wake up feeling fresh as a daisy. Read the directions on the Milk of Magnesia package and take only as directed thereon or as prescribed by your physician. In liquid or tablet form.

ONE-TWO ACTION!

1 AN EFFECTIVE ALKALIZER. Gives speedy relief when your stomach feels "uneasy" or gassy due to too much acid. Rated among the most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Acts almost immediately.

2 A MILD LAXATIVE. Not a purge—merely promotes more thorough elimination. Does not leave you feeling "all wrung out." Take it at any time of the day because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.



MADE IN CANADA

ONLY 25¢ AT ANY DRUGSTORE

you can wear the purplish shades if you use the right make-up. It's a refreshing shade—no longer an old shade. (That "Lavender and Old Lace" spook is gone with the dodos.) Lilac cottons in dresses, blouses, neckwear and the like are attuned to this spring. The delicate hue is popping up in accessories and goes beautifully with grey, navy, brown or black. If you've worn lilac before and won applause, try it again. If you are frightened of lilac, change your make-up—and try it again and succeed!

☆☆

Dimout Fashions came again to the fore when the police took a hand! They asked that women wear something white when out on the streets after dark (too many accidents from dimmed-out streets). Head scarves, in white or fringed with white, were the immediate answer. White handbags and gloves bloomed in the midwinter. Wide white belts, like a soldier's, now adorn many dark coats after dusk.

☆☆

A **Chesterfield Coat** for spring is about the only coat fashion worth mentioning. These have swept over the country like wildfire. Best in grey or black, with black velvet collar and fly front, it's a coat that suits young and elderly and may be worn equally well over party dresses at night, as well as for daytime. If you've a coat on your budget this spring, "make it chesterfield!"

☆☆

Corsets in wartime are really amazing! I was quite prepared to see some sad-looking things, without all the elastic, slide fasteners, etc., we have been used to . . . but, thank goodness, I was disappointed! Surprising what the corset manufacturers have done with available fabrics, and I warrant they've learned a lot of tricks in wartime that we'll gladly carry over into peace days.

☆☆

Shirt and Skirt days back again! "White collar workers" tend to favor the man-tailored shirt which they wear with a man's tie . . . seem to think it gives them a "uniformed" appearance. And goodness knows, the gals certainly are doing a swell wartime job—if it wasn't for you office workers, even the big war plants would be in a muddle.

☆☆

The Ideal Spring Outfit down here has been lined up by the experts—"experts" mean working women who are too busy, like you, to be bothered with falderals. Here is the wardrobe chosen by a group of girls as the most suitable for these days:

1. Grey or blue suit.
2. Three blouses. Two tailored—one dressy.
3. Chesterfield coat.
4. Two dresses. One tailored. One dressy.
5. One skirt and two sweaters.
6. One housecoat, preferably in print cotton.
7. Two pairs of shoes—both with lowered heels, but one pair more dressy than the other.
8. Two handbags, matching the shoes.
9. Two hats—one a casual felt—the other "fussy."

Looks rather wealthy—but then those girls didn't plan to buy everything the next pay day. They planned to buy each item to fit into the picture—a picture that will be as good this coming fall and the spring of '44 as it is now. ♣

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as safe for use
on delicate skin

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

When Chest Colds Strike Give—

—give the important job of relieving miseries to the IMPROVED Vicks treatment that takes only 3 minutes and makes good old Vicks VapoRub give **BETTER THAN EVER RESULTS!**



ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE to bring relief . . . **PENETRATES** to upper breathing passages with soothing medicinal vapors . . . **STIMULATES** chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice . . . and **WORKS FOR HOURS** to ease coughs, relieve muscular soreness or tightness, and bring real comfort.

To get this improved treatment—just massage VapoRub for 3 minutes ON BACK as well as throat and chest, then spread a thick layer on chest and cover with warmed cloth. Try it!

For Better Results
VICKS
VAPORUB
The Improved Way



And did you know that wielding the hair brush, alternating the hands, does good things for shoulders, upper arms and chest muscles?

Back in shape again. One of the most satisfactory aftermaths of having a baby is to be able to look at yourself in a full-length mirror without flinching.

But, before you start on any prescribed daily dozen, heed this word of warning. Ask your doctor about it first. If he says it's okay, start gently at first and gradually increase the number of times you do each exercise, as your muscles strengthen.

Here are three good ones to tone up tummy muscles. You can do them



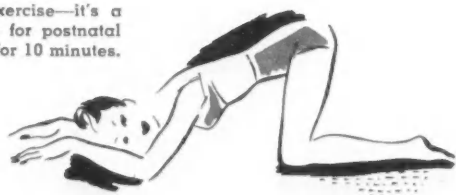
Lie on bed and try raising yourself to a sitting position. S-l-o-w-l-y does it, and you may cross your feet if you wish

lying face up on your bed—but no pillow, please.

No. 1. Cross your arms on your chest. Raise your head and shoulders, just enough at first to clear the bed. Then carry the exercise to a sitting position, with feet crossed and arms clasped behind your head.

No. 2. With feet slightly apart, bend your knees to almost right angles. Now raise your hips so your body rests on

This isn't an exercise—it's a relaxing posture for postnatal use. Hold pose for 10 minutes.



the soles of your feet and on your shoulders. Press your knees together.

No. 3. With knee stiff, raise left leg slowly. Lower it. Raise and lower right leg. Then raise and lower both together.

Do you know the knee-chest position? It's not an exercise—just nice and restful and awfully good for your inner organs. See how the girl in the sketch does it and go do likewise for fifteen minutes at a stretch.

Here's one that should please the Darwin school of thought. Better do this behind a locked door. (If your family should catch sight of you, they may think you're practicing to be a stand-in in a Tarzan movie.) With knees and elbows straight, you prowl around the room on all fours. This has pretty much the same beneficial results as the knee-chest position.

One of our leading beauty specialists recommends this exercise for strengthening breast muscles: Stand up straight. Cross your arms and clasp them firmly just above the elbows. With a sharp, jerking movement, pull inward . . . relax . . . pull inward. Do you feel it in your breast and neck muscles?

THAT'S ALL for today, girls. Follow the beauty and exercise routine as faithfully as you follow that list of "Do's" and "Don't Forget's" pinned up on the nursery wall for the care and feeding of babies.

Our thought for the month is: if you look drab, you'll feel dejected. If you look smart, you'll feel elated, and so will your husband. So make a vow to get back in circulation soon, with your hair, your skin and your figure working with you and not against you.

Beautiful,
Dutiful Hands
are Wearing

Alert

You're leading a double life! All war activity and efficiency by day . . . all glamour and femininity after dark! And Cutex Alert is just the nail polish shade to brighten your day and heighten his evening! A brave gay red to match your brave new spirit. Get a bottle today!

Northam Warren, Montreal

CUTEX WORLD'S LARGEST
SELLING NAIL POLISH

**CUTEX
ALERT**

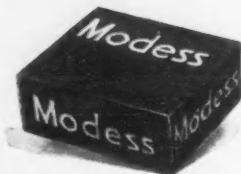
*Northam Warren
Montreal
CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.
MADE IN CANADA*

Like my Wartime Wagon?

A trip to the grocery store with my little push-mobile takes longer than when I used my car — but its fun — and nice to feel that I'm doing my part in lots of small ways to help win this war. Saving precious gasoline and tires, keeping my home running smoothly — these things I can do — and I love doing them!

And there's much more work outside my home too! So I can't afford to pamper myself — to take time out — not even on those difficult days when nothing is fun.

It is then that Modess with its downy soft-filler, its added protection, comes to my rescue. The chafe-free comfort and sense of security it gives, helps me to keep going — doing my share. Why don't you try it!



Modess — for busy girls



TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS — AT YOUR DRUG STORE



For a natural "uplift," stand like this and with sharp jerks draw in and back.

You're Back IN CIRCULATION

Now that Junior is safely deposited in his bassinet, it's up to you to do a little private work on your figure and good looks

By ADELE WHITE

IT'S ALL over now! Junior is safely deposited in his bassinet. He's got the right number of fingers and toes, thank goodness! His lungs are in pretty good shape too—as you can well testify.

Your husband and your relatives have stopped treating you with that "driver-go - cautiously - we - have - precious cargo - aboard," attitude (to quote Cornelia Otis Skinner).

You're beginning to feel a definite longing to get into circulation again, even to putting on your party face and stepping out.

Good for you! Granted that producing an offspring is one of the most important jobs in your life, there are other important things too—for example, disproving your husband's pessimistic forebodings that nothing will ever be the same again; that you'll change from the carefree girl he married to a walking, talking, baby schedule.

In spite of your very best resolutions, however, you're going to find one big obstacle cropping up to interfere with this back-to-circulation program, that will be lack of time. Until you get used to baby's routine, which begins in dawn's early light and continues long after nightfall, you'll probably feel that, at last, perpetual motion has been discovered—and guess what it is: it's you!

There's only one way to beat this racket of never a moment to yourself, and that is to ration your time. Draw up a plan of the day's activities and mark off at least half an hour for concentrated work on yourself—your skin, your hands, your hair and your shape.

A new wrinkle is fine anywhere except in your face. Lines and wrinkles follow dry skin, and dry skin is one of the penalties you may pay for producing a fine bouncing baby. If your diet has

been properly watched, your skin will be healthy except for a superficial dryness, which can be offset by daily use of rich oily face creams.

Give-away hands. The chances are you'll be in hot water many times a day, with all those precious little sweaters, bonnets, bootees, etc., which must be laundered so carefully—to say nothing of the two dozen baby banners which decorate your clothes line each morning.

Use hand lotion each time you dry your hands. At night cream your hands



A prow around the bedroom on all fours is beneficial. Bend your knees if you must.

and wear a pair of cotton gloves so the cream can do its work while you sleep.

Can you wiggle your ears? It's a dandy way of loosening your scalp. If you're not a good ear-wiggler, move your scalp back and forth with the tips of your fingers for several minutes before you begin your ten-minute brushing. A tight scalp means a dry, lustreless thatch of hair. Massage and brushing will keep your scalp in good condition.

Lie flat on your back, raise one leg and lower slowly, then the other, then both together.



This

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

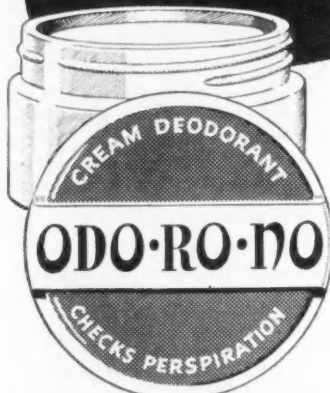
EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

and

this big jar contains 21 more applications* for 39¢ than other leading deodorants +50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)



NEW ODO-RO-NO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 5 rinses
15¢ for 2 rinses



Beauty Brevities

HERE ARE a couple of ideas for war economy which should earn you an encouraging pat on the back. Next time you buy cream, powder, rouge, etc., ask for the largest size. Containers are valuable, and by doing this you'll cut down on the number necessary to keep you supplied with beauty aids.

Use just the amount of cream and powder as you need, *no more*. In other words, don't lavishly smear your face with cream and then wipe two thirds of it off with a piece of tissue. A small amount of cream will do the trick just as well. When using powder, smooth it on with a clean puff or a piece of absorbent cotton. Don't wham it on so you and your dressing table look like the centre of a dust storm.

☆☆

Attention, Careerists! Gather round and listen to the sad lament of one businessman whose secretary is the very soul of efficiency. In fact, she's so sold on the idea of never wasting a minute that she practices hand massage and facial exercises during dictation, when her boss pauses to ponder on a tricky bit of word construction. He's jerked out of his brown study by catching sight of this model of efficiency—his secretary—rubbing her hands like Lady Macbeth and making funny faces at him.

☆☆

Homework On Your Top-Notch.

If you shampoo your hair at home, take the advice of a beauty specialist and never use strong soaps—that is if you want your hair to take a good permanent. When washed with strong harsh soaps, hair becomes porous and loses its stretch.

Give your hair the same care you give your best lingerie. Use mild pure soaps.

☆☆

Do you suffer from dry skin, especially during the days of March, with the wind and the sleet in your face? Try this for smoother skin. Before hopping into a hot bath, pat rich oily cream into your face and neck and let the steam from the bath give you a homemade facial. Also, instead of relaxing in your bath, do some brisk work on yourself with a soft bristle brush. Then twist a bath towel into a rope and see-saw it across your shoulders, over the calves of your legs and under the soles of your feet. This will stimulate circulation and help cure skin roughness.

And, speaking of bath towels twisted into ropes—take an old pair of curtain or jar rings, large enough for your hands to grasp. Cover the rings with some soft material and crochet them onto the ends of a gathered bath towel. Now you have a perfect means of drying your back.

☆☆

Do you buy your tea-towelling by the yard? Next time save a good-sized piece to make yourself a cosmetic cape. It comes in mighty handy when you do last-minute touching up to your hair and face. +



Yes, beauty helps duty—and Yardley helps them both. Make the young freshness of the Yardley Lavender and the fineness of Yardley Beauty Preparations yours for confident morale.

Yardley English Complexion Powder—Deliciously touched with "Bond Street" Perfume—mist-fine—invisible—\$1.25.

Yardley English Lavender Soap—Refreshingly kind to your skin—and amazingly long lasting. 35c a large cake—3 for \$1.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Yardley English Lavender—Its informal freshness lends the touch of youth—95c to \$5.25.

Yardley English Complexion Cream—Rich, soft, cleansing, and a powder base that inspires confidence—\$1.25.



Speaking of "defense" work Midol does a special kind—for women!

STANDING all day at a machine, working harder at a desk, or giving hours each week to service organization duties, many girls and women now find functional periodic pain and depression a more serious problem. Yet for most of them—those who have no organic disorder calling for special care—there's an easy, effective answer. *Midol*!

Midol does more than merely relieve "dreaded days headache," for three ingredients contribute to your comfort! One eases the muscular suffering, another prolongs the relief, while the third acts to offset that miserable feeling of depression. Get Midol now; it contains no opiates. Any drug-store, or send name and address to *Helen Crosby, General Drug Company, Dept. 223, Windsor, Ontario, for free trial box, mailed prepaid.*

MIDOL

MADE IN CANADA

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

MISERABLE COLD WEATHER JOINTS?



When the icy wind cuts through you, does it lay you up with painful, grinding "cold-weather joints"? Absorbine Jr. quickly eases those aching joints—brings speedy, joyful relief from such winter torture!

Normally, little blood vessels feed lubricating fluid into the joints. Extreme cold constricts blood vessels. Slows up the supply of fluid. Makes joints "grind" and ache. Hinders your movements and work!

Rub on Absorbine Jr.! Feel the warmth spread, as it speeds up the blood flow—helps nature quickly counteract the effects of cold. Soon your joints "glow" with relief! You'll feel like singing! At all druggists \$1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, 286 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Que.

FAMOUS also
for relieving
Athlete's Foot,
and Hot
Burning Feet.

ABSORBINE JR.

Small Stuff

Continued from page 31

Baby Bunting's Up-to-date

Even the most unobservant spinsters have probably noticed that baby's long coats disappeared with long dresses—many years ago.

But they probably don't know the intricacies of the cover-all which baby wears when he goes out, except in summer, and which he usually dons for his outdoor naps as well. It is a one-piece garment, like a sleeping bag, usually with a set-in piece at the bottom to allow lots of kicking room. It does up the front with buttons or slide fasteners and it has a hood, which may or may not be detachable. The drawstring on the hood can be pulled up to form a bonnet, but baby needs to wear a little close-fitting bonnet in addition to keep stray drafts away.

This baglike garment is made in cotton-and-wool, blanket cloth of top quality, knitted-back chinchillas, or quilted silks and satins. It has completely replaced the shawl or blanket method of bundling up baby for outdoors. (Of course when he is outdoors in the winter, he needs one or two woollen blankets on top as well. If it is very cold a comforter is excellent.)

Comfy in Bed

Bedding and sleeping clothes are big items. For small babies there is a "sleep-and-be-safe" harness of cotton webbing which fastens around the baby's waist and is then attached firmly to the mattress on either side of the bed. The baby can move in any direction but can't move out of bed or get uncovered.

For babies who have outgrown the harness but still tend to toss off their covers, a garment somewhat similar to the outdoor sleeping bag is coming into general use.

The first bed will probably be an inexpensive bassinet—wicker or wood—with a cotton-filled mattress. Over his mattress goes a rubber sheet, on top of that a flannelette sheet, then right under the baby a quilted pad. The latter is made of absorbent cotton laid between two cotton sheets and stitched in quilted pattern. It absorbs moisture, prevents stains on the mattress, keeps baby warm even if wet, and can be boiled. At least two, size 24 inches by 48 inches, and three, size 17 inches by 18 inches, are recommended for every layette.

Baby's Blankets

To cover the baby, experts recommend fine soft blankets ordinarily made of China cotton with about a 10 per cent mixture of wool. These come in soft blue or soft pink with jacquard nursery patterns (bunnies, ducks, etc.) in white. They fit all cribs and bassinets and are available in all qualities.

Bed and Carriage Comfies

Babies of all stations in life find themselves under satin comforters for bed or carriage, pale pink on one side, pale blue on the other, filled with blown new cotton. Three baby pillows are usually used in bed or carriage to keep drafts off the occupant, one on each side and one against the head of the cot or carriage, but these shouldn't be close up to his head of course. These are 12 inches by 16 inches in size, preferably filled with kapok as some babies are allergic to feathers or down, though now kapok is being replaced with the same

"Keep your hair looking
LUSTROUSLY LOVELY
this time-saving way!"



Now, probably, you can't afford to spend hours at the beauty parlor. But every day, you can easily take one extra moment to sprinkle Danderine on comb or brush before arranging your hair. And what a difference you'll see!

For Danderine's active formula achieves a thrilling change—adding lively lustre, removing ugly, loose dandruff, making the hair easier to arrange. No tedious massage, no prolonged brushing needed! Start using Danderine regularly now and see how soon you're proud of your hair again!

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

Danderine is for men, too. Thousands use it every day. All drug and department stores.

Beautify Your Skin

with aid of
Mercolized Wax Cream

Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, sunburned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the whiter, younger looking under-skin. SAKOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Sakolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. PHELACTIONE DEPIILATORY removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

Don't "Whittle" CORN



"Works-while-you-walk" treatment gets after the core

Don't home-para your corn. Leaving the core in your toe may act as a focal point for renewed development. Instead, use medicated Blue-Jay! It gets after the core, helps remove the corn as shown in the diagram. And works while you walk in comfort! Blue-Jay costs so little, only a few cents for each corn. Get it at any drug or toilet goods counter.

BLUE JAY

CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

Home paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core (A) in toe.



Blue-Jay medication loosens corn so it may be easily removed.

*Stubborn cases may need more than one application.

blown cotton used in the comforter. Baby doesn't need a pillow under his head, but if you want to use one, be sure it is small and thin.

Soft-finish cambric sheets, pillow slips and pillowcases come from Northern Ireland, are made of Egyptian cotton, and can be had in sizes to fit every bassinet or bed.

Order of the Bath

A folding bath-dressing-table is a great convenience. If you can't find one to buy, try to borrow one, and if you can't do either, watch for new rubber substitute baths that are bound to be developed as quickly as possible.

You can of course use a little enamelware bath, and if your husband is smart he can make you a simple folding bath table. The rubber bath we have in mind can be filled by the attached hose or adapter device from the tap and can be emptied by the same means. It has a spray attachment for washing the baby's head and rinsing soap out. Pockets are attached for comb and necessities for the baby's toilet. There is even an attached towel rack. After his bath, the baby can be wrapped in a towel and laid on the canvas dressing table top. When not in use, the bath can be folded up to a thickness of four inches: it can be pulled out and set up with one hand with no trouble at all. This bath dressing table has been in general use in North America for the last ten years.

We have also developed on this continent soft, thin towels of butter cloth or gauze, made expressly for baby's use. These are not in the least bulky and can go in baby's ears and into the folds of the skin where the old terry cloth towels and cloths never reach. They can be boiled to keep them spotlessly clean and sweet, and they are inexpensive.

Layette List

- 4 vests
- 4 nightgowns
- 4 flannelette gertrudes (petticoats).
- 3-4 dozen diapers—some 54" x 27", others 40" x 20"
- 4 pairs hose or booties
- 2 dresses and gertrudes to match
- 2 sweaters
- 1 wool shawl
- 2 bonnets
- 6 flannelette crib sheets
- 2 quilted pads, 24" x 48", crib size
- 3 quilted pads, 17" x 18"
- 2 rubber sheets
- 2 wrapping blankets (cotton)
- 1 pair all-wool blankets
- 1 comforter
- 1 sleeping bag
- 1 warm coat
- 2 pairs mittens
- 4 washcloths
- 2 small drying towels
- 2 soft bath towels
- Baby powder, cornstarch, oil and soap
- Improved nose and mouth mask
- 1 pkt. absorbent cotton
- 1 pkt. diaper linings
- 1 bassinet with firm mattress
- 1 set of thermometers—room and bath
- 1 folding bath with combination dressing table
- Baby carriage
- 1 fine-tooth comb
- Soft hairbrush
- Safety pins
- Hot water bottle
- 2 8-oz. bottles for giving water to baby
- 2 nipples



Afternoon Tea

Continued from page 26

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses. . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints. . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 25c. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Corporation Limited, Toronto, Ont.

3 SIZES

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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NO PINS • NO BELTS • NO ODOR

me. He is not to be blamed. I am not the person he fell in love with. It was before my—my illness. I was what he wanted then. We did things together. I was able to go about, take part in all his interests . . . they were my interests too. But then . . . it all happened, and I was ill a long time. At first it didn't seem to make any difference. But our love depended on doing, not being. Sometimes it's like that, often I think, and it works very well, and with luck you never find each other out. But I had no luck. And in times like these it is hard for a man to have patience and to wait. Life might only last the day, and one wants everything in the day. Some men."

Her even voice broke suddenly, but he made no comment and then she went on as if he had put up an argument:

"I wasn't pretending when I said I liked that girl. I suppose you think that's unnatural. But a person in my circumstances isn't natural. I made it easy for her, because she didn't make it easy for herself. She loves Chris and he loves her. She can give him what I can't. She asked me to meet her here today, and she put her cards on the table. She would have dropped out, and Chris would have married me before he sailed and given me the material things I'm in need of, if I'd wanted it that way. If she had seen I wasn't strong enough to let everything go, she would have given him up to me. As if I wanted it that way!"

"No," he agreed. "You wouldn't want it that way."

There was evidence of strain in her face now. Her nostrils were pinched and her lips uncertain. She pressed a hand to her forehead and said:

"Well, there you are . . . I've told you. It will be a strange episode for you to remember sometimes. But you have been so kind I felt I wanted to tell you."

"There's one thing you haven't told me," he said. "Are you still in love with him . . . completely?"

SHE EYED him in quick apprehension as if he had violently opened a door through which she feared to look.

"Even your kindness doesn't give you the right to ask that," she said.

"I'm asking it," he insisted.

For a moment she stared at him dumbly, then said with odd sullenness:

"I don't know. I don't want to talk about it. I don't know what I feel. Sometimes one has no feeling left. When you've lost everything you become a

Descriptions of Patterns

No. 4552—Girls' teen-age dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires: 2½ of 35-inch plaid or 2¼ of 35-inch plain material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4553—Girls' "Simple To Make" teen-age dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires: 2½ yards of 35-inch or 39-inch. Price, 20 cents.

No. 4511—Girls' "Simple To Make" dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires: 2½ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4562—Girls' two-piece suit in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 requires: 2½ of 39-inch material. Lining for jacket: 1¼ of 39-inch. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4570—Girls' "Simple To Make" teen-age dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires: 1¾ of 35-inch crosswise striped material for the blouse and 1¾ of 39-inch material for the skirt. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4576—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 20 requires: 3½ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4569—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires: 3¼ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4582—Collar set in sizes small, medium and large. Complete yardages are given on envelope back. Price, 25 cents.

Man power plus!

QUIETLY, modestly, over the past years medical science has been producing virtual miracles—miracles which are paying our country increasingly handsome dividends as time goes on . . .

DIVIDENDS IN MAN POWER.

Today, literally millions of people who are in the Armed Forces and in war work would not be alive but for these discoveries of medical science.

In the 75 years since March 24, 1868, when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was founded, the average length of life in North America has increased from about 40 years to more than 60 years. Figures indicate that over 2½ million men of military age owe their existence today to improvement in mortality since the turn of the century.

Throughout its 75 years of life, Metropolitan has been glad of the opportunity to take an increasingly active part in this drama of conserving human lives.

As far back as 1871, the Company issued "Health Hints," the first of more than a billion booklets on health subjects which are distributed at the rate of one every fifteen seconds.

In 1892 it began its co-operative work with public

health forces by joining government officials in a campaign against cholera. This was the forerunner of numerous campaigns against such diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia and others.

In 1909, the Company set up a special department to place its rapidly expanding public health work on an organized basis. Among its many activities, for example, is a Nursing Service, started in 1909, which has since expanded to cover Canada and the United States. Last year nearly three million visits were made to eligible Metropolitan policyholders.

Today Metropolitan works closely with health agencies, both private and public, and carries out or assists important health research. Through its health booklets, its far-flung nursing service, its health advertising, and similar activities, Metropolitan consistently pursues its policy of passing life-saving knowledge of medical science on to the people in words they can understand.

On this, our 75th Anniversary, our eyes are on the future, rather than the past. For there is so much more to be done. As new triumphs of medical science are unfolded, Metropolitan will play its part in carrying life-giving knowledge to the people.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

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HERE'S WHY CHAPPED HANDS HEAL SO MUCH FASTER



with medicated
NOXZEMA



Badly chapped, red, rough hands are a form of skin irritation. Painful tiny cuts and cracks appear—especially in the knuckle areas.

If you have red, rough, irritated chapped hands—make this test. Apply Noxzema frequently day and evening. Notice how soothing it feels. Next day...see how much better your hands look—how much better they feel!

Noxzema is so effective because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only soothes the burning, stinging soreness—but aids in healing the tiny skin cuts—helps soften the dry, rough skin and helps restore normal, soft, white loveliness.

Surveys show that hundreds of professional people, including scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use and recommend Noxzema! Noxzema is snow-white, greaseless, non-sticky. At drug and department stores. 39¢, 59¢, \$1.25

★ MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA

—use it for chapped hands, face and lips—for chafing, sunburn, windburn, tired, burning feet—and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water! It's a grand brushless shave, too, without water!



Holeproof Luxsheer Rayons

Just to know they are HOLEPROOF stockings is enough. Sheerer—duller—more resistant to snagging because of the HOLEPROOF "High Twist" process. Smarter, more fashionable in appearance and of finer quality.

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HOLEPROOF Fine Stockings

Good and Good-Looking!
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At Leading Stores

Something for Nothing



HOW ABOUT whipping up a neat little dirndl skirt from right around the house? Remember the gay flower-bordered luncheon cloth you bought a couple of years ago when you still gave luncheons? Here it is, made up with Simplicity Pattern No. 4321. Cost? 15 cents.

OR HOW about having this one on the house? It's a printed jumper for house wear or neighborhood shopping. Made from those old drapes you packed in the attic! Pattern No. 4333. Cost, 20 cents.



NOW WE'RE getting really down to it. This time you raid the linen cupboard for the slightly worn seersucker spread you used to put on Uncle Elmer's bed when he made his annual visit. With Uncle Elmer working in a war plant, you can denude the bed and cover yourself with glory and a swellelegant new housecoat.

It's done with the aid of a needle, scissors, sewing machine, a little ingenuity, and Simplicity Pattern No. 4544. The cost is exactly 15 cents.

Your Family's Security

By Lillian D. Miller

IF YOU knew that, no matter what the future might bring, the financial security of your family was assured, wouldn't a load be lifted from your mind? Of course it would. Today, through life insurance, you can do much to place your family in that happy position, for modern policies are streamlined to fit the needs and purse of every family.

"But," you say, "that is my husband's job. He looks after all business of that kind." That may be so. But you are the one most vitally concerned, as you will have to shoulder the responsibility of the family if anything should happen to him. It is likely that you handle most of the family income now and that you have a say as to how it is spent. Therefore it is up to you to see that part of it is spent to buy the future security of your family.

"How can this be done?" you ask. "I wouldn't know where or how to start."

In the first place you must have a clear picture of what your needs really are. Then you must map out a definite plan to provide the protection you need.

THE LIFE insurance program of any family has two major purposes. The first is to provide financial security for wife and children in case the breadwinner is taken by death. The second is to guarantee, if husband lives, an income for husband and wife for their old age. Let us see what your needs are likely to be under these two headings.

If your husband should die prematurely and you have to carry on alone, you will have three principal needs. They are:

First. You will need some ready cash to pay medical, hospital and funeral expenses and to take care of the needs of the family until you have had time to become adjusted to new conditions.

For this purpose you will require at least from \$1,000 to \$2,500, depending upon the length of your husband's final illness and your financial position. Let us put it down at \$2,000.

Second. You will need an income sufficient to keep you and the children until they are grown up and self-supporting. This is the period for which you need maximum protection. If your children are, say, aged five and seven, it will be probably fifteen years before they will be able to look after themselves. Let us say that you would require \$100 a month to keep you and the children.

Third. After the fifteen-year period is over and the children no longer depend on you, you will need a smaller income to keep you for the rest of your life—at least \$50 a month.

That is the first part of your insurance program. The second is to provide an income for old age if your husband lives. This is just as important as the first part. If you take 100 young men at age 20 and follow them through life, statistics show that by the time they reach 65 years of age, only 15 out of the 100 will be able to support themselves either by past savings or present earnings. Let us say, therefore, that \$75 a month is the minimum on which you and your husband could live.

THE BROAD outline of your insurance program, therefore, would be to provide:

If your husband dies—
\$2,000 in a lump sum for expenses at time of his death;
\$100 a month from time of death until end of fifteen-year period;
\$50 a month for your lifetime after fifteen-year period has passed.

If your husband lives—
\$75 a month joint annuity when your husband reaches age 65.

+ Continued on next page



The latest fashion for tailored individuality will be found in this fly-front model with notch lapels and lower flap pockets.

So Much... For So Little!

The smart woman of '43, as usual, will find that our 33 years' experience with value and quality is her guarantee that nowhere else but at Tip Top Tailors will her money bring her so much for so little.

She will see it in the wide range of beautiful British wools—identical with the famous fabrics that go into our men's garments.

She will see it in the skilled custom-like tailoring, with quality sewn in stitch by stitch, by man tailors, in our men's tailoring shops.

She will see it in the smart, flattering fit — hand-cut and tailored just for her — to her exact measurements.

Above all, she will actually experience Tip Top's outstanding ability to give more value, more quality, more style for less money, by the mere act of wearing these man-tailored clothes.

Individually Man-Tailored to Measure

Tip Top Tailors Ltd.

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Trail of Gauze...

Canadian women have made five and a half million surgical dressings for the Canadian Red Cross since the war began.

That's 640 miles—enough gauze to stretch from Ottawa to Chicago, if they were laid in a straight line.

But more than that—enough to keep the wounds of many of our brave allies, as well as our own men, covered and cared for.





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What to do about the equipment, prizes, refreshment, everything which goes to make a bridge party a success is set forth in this handy little booklet. Bridge Teas, High Tea Bridge, Dinner Bridge, Evening Bridge, Breakfast Bridge and Luncheon Bridge, and you will want to try out these new ideas in bridge party entertaining. Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 101. Price 15 Cents.

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What will a well-dressed window wear? You'll find the answer at small cost and virtually make a beeline for the sewing machine, so simple is curtain making when you're told how.

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sort of nothing yourself. You don't think and feel like ordinary people. You just go on living. Little things happen to you and you make do with them," she stopped, then said with more energy. "But you are spoiling everything. I wanted to remember you differently. Why won't you go now? There is nothing more you can do, so please go. I'm not going to apologize for this tame ending, because after all, you couldn't have expected the ordinary sort of adventure when you came over to my table. And you certainly can't after all this, unless you are extremely insensitive. Don't you see . . ."

Suddenly her shifting gaze came to rest on his, so steady and bright, fixed on her with an odd sternness. He said:

"I don't know what I expect. Perhaps no one can tell so quickly. But I think, for me, it is going to be the big adventure."

She shook her head. "No," she said. "You don't understand. I haven't told you everything. I don't want to. But there can never be anything for me with you, or with anyone. Not even little happy things, like this might have been if I was . . . just someone you liked the look of. And I want to remember this as the . . . last of it. Please I'm asking you because . . ."

She fell silent, her eyes fixed on his face which was tense, almost grim, as if this beginning of his enchantment were deep pain. She saw his eyes turn to the window curtain which the risen breeze fluttered from the concealed crutches.

"BECAUSE OF those?" he asked.

The blood drained from her face, then rushed back in a hot flood.

"Then you know?" she said in a strangled whisper.

"Uh-huh," the Canadian said. For a second he closed his eyes. Sometimes it was like this in the moment before one swooped and fell, down, down to a dark city, to a city of smoke and flame.

He leaned forward and took her small hand in his. "Is it for all your life?"

She lifted brave, agonized eyes. "I don't know," she said. "It happened in a raid. They've patched me up pretty well. It might be all right in the end. There is to be another operation when I'm strong enough. And . . . they can't tell. I might be lame always."

"I see." His gaze was infinitely tender, his smile quite casual. He said:

"Well, you've had quite a day, with everything. I think we'd better be getting back to where you're staying."

"You mean"—her hand was gripping his as if she feared to let it go—"you . . . it doesn't make any difference?"

"I mean . . . since I've got wings, I'm the obvious sort of person for you to travel along with, don't you think?" He grinned at her. "Who can tell? It might be quite a trip. Will you risk the take-off anyway?"

Suddenly her hand lost its desperation and rested in his quietly and with confidence.

She said steadily, "I live with a great-aunt in the country. She is very old and doesn't notice much or care what goes on. She is sorry for me, and I know she would be glad if I had company. You said you were at a loose end for the rest of your leave. Would you care to come to us? But you'd have to be more of a host than a visitor . . . if you understand."

"It's the thing I understand best," the Canadian said. ♦

6 Reasons why Nurse Scott Recommends

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She Works for Free France

by
Gladys Arnold



Elisabeth de Miribel

THE FIRST woman to throw in her lot with the Free French Movement, and to see its historical significance, was tall, Elisabeth de Miribel, one of the most interesting and vital personalities whom the fortunes of war have brought to Canada.

At the moment of her choice, Free France was not even a movement. It was, rather, a conviction—the passionate belief which she shared with two others, General Charles de Gaulle, for whom she acted as voluntary confidential secretary, and his aide-de-camp: that the armistice then about to be signed with Germany did not represent the will of the French people.

Mlle. de Miribel had come to London in January, 1940, as a member of the French Mission of Economic Warfare under the leadership of Paul Morand. In the tense last days of May and early June, as the Germans occupied one Channel port after another, the work of the Mission languished, and the young French girl, who was engaged in the translation of confidential documents, found she had much time on her hands.

The hospitals were rapidly filling with thousands of French wounded returning from Dunkirk. Every afternoon she visited these men, young and old, gravely wounded, sometimes terribly burned. Their story was always the same—a stark tale of inadequate arms, ill-preparation, the heroism of desperate men against superior numbers and equipment. They were not critical. The burning confidence in their eyes, in their tired, drawn faces, was something, says Mlle. de Miribel, which she will never forget. They took it for granted that the battle would continue, and their only thought was to recover as quickly as possible so they might return to the fray—this time, they hoped, with better equipment from America.

Early in June General de Gaulle, then a little-known technical expert in mechanized warfare, flew to London to consult Winston Churchill about the strategy of continuing the war from Africa. It was at this moment that a telephone call brought to Mlle. de Miribel the unexpected opportunity to act as his secretary and to prepare confidential documents which are today historic. Eight days later De Gaulle and his aide had been back to Bordeaux, met deaf ears in their pleas to fight in Africa, and returned to Britain passionately determined to continue fighting for the sake of the honor of France.

Mlle. de Miribel heard with bursting heart the message of Marshal Petain. The Paul Morand Mission was recalled to France at once. She thought of her family at home. It was a temptation to return. There was her father, a colonel in charge of a central sector of France; her mother, her three younger sisters and a small six-year-old brother. But before her rose also the faces of those soldiers who had braved the hell of Dunkirk with confidence unshaken—and her decision was made.

On June 18, 1940, the first Frenchwoman to join General de Gaulle was in the empty rooms of St. Stephens House under the shadow of Big Ben, typing the historic appeal to Frenchmen throughout the world.

"France has lost a battle . . . But France has not lost the war . . ."

TODAY, IN Ottawa, Mlle. de Miribel is in charge of the Free French Information Service, with her "ordre de mission" direct from General Headquarters in London. She has but one purpose: to win the sympathy of Canadians to the Free French cause through explaining the aims of the Forces in whom she believes lies the future salvation of France.

A Parisian by birth and the descendant of generals, the military tradition is in her blood. Her father at the outbreak of the present war was in the Maginot Line. Her grandfather was charged in 1914 with the total mobilization of France. On her mother's side, Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, won battles for France, was president of the French Republic from 1873 to 1879, and is probably responsible for the touch of Irish in his great-granddaughter's smile.

A 1915 war baby in Paris, her life began under the sign of Mars. Several years of her childhood were spent in Vienna, where she learned to speak Viennese German with flawless accent, and in Syria. She had an unbounded enthusiasm for sports—skiing, tennis, swimming and riding. Reluctantly but dutifully she made her debutante's bow to Parisian society, and it was while recuperating in Switzerland after the strenuous season of parties that she met for the first time that generation of European youth who for several years before the war were hiking, cycling and mingling with one another throughout the free European countries. She found them eagerly searching for a common



WARTIME BRIDES have Hands adorably Soft

NO IDLE HANDS today—but a girl's hands can still be serenely smooth, soft for love and romance.

Disappointing roughness, uncomfortable chapping—you easily help prevent by regular use of Jergens Lotion. Close to professional hand

care. Jergens includes 2 ingredients, so important for helping to smooth and soften the skin that many doctors depend on them. 25¢ and 50¢ a bottle. Notice how quick! Even the first application soothes chapping. So—use Jergens Lotion.



1. Thousands of girls in airplane factories today! And these girls care for their hands with Jergens Lotion, almost 3 to 1. Jergens helps prevent uncomfortable, harsh, chapped hands.



2. Home duties must not suffer. But hands can still be smooth, cared-for. Jergens is a protective lotion, if used regularly; furnishes your hand skin with beautifying, softening moisture . . .



3. A service that's badly needed by most hard-working hands. Water, cold weather tend to lessen nature's provision for skin-softness. Jergens smooths on quickly; never feels sticky.

★ BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★

(MADE IN CANADA)



This won't hurt a bit, Rooster, old boy - I promise!

"I'm just trying to attract attention. Put something in your mouth and your mother drops everything to dash over and yank it out!

"In you go again, Rooster . . . just once more. I haven't a tooth in my head so there's nothing to worry about. Besides, I'm so prickly and uncomfortable, I've just got to get her eye.

"Aah, here she comes! Mommy . . . I've got a proposition. I want an extra, special, cooling rub-down with silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder—or I'll scream. And a little soothing powder for my friend here, please. He's had a trying afternoon.

"Know something, Rooster? She doesn't understand a word I say—but I think she gets the idea!"



For bothersome baby irritations such as chafes and prickles, Johnson's Baby Powder is just the ticket! Soothing, cooling, and slippery-soft! Regular rub-downs with Johnson's cost just a trifle—and they keep a baby feeling fit.

Johnson's Baby Powder

As in... 1914-1918.
EVAN WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO
also Serves!
1939-1942.

A Chatelaine Beauty Bulletin

FRESH AS A FLOWER
Service Bulletin No. 19

What makes a woman attractive? Many things . . . a chuckling laugh, a serene brow, perhaps, expressive eyes, a lively vivacity or serene calm. All these make a woman attractive. But underlying every quality there is one which italicizes them and makes fragrant the charm of her womanhood. It is found in a fastidious devotion to personal cleanliness and to the small feminine details of her toilet. This bulletin furnishes you with the important little details that will keep you "as fresh as a flower". Price 5 cents. Write to Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

But, it may be that you have some additional problems. For example, you may be buying your home, and perhaps there is a mortgage on it which, if your husband should die, would be too heavy to carry with reduced income. In your insurance program you can provide a lump sum to pay off this mortgage and thus reduce the upkeep expenses of your home.

Or, you and your husband may be planning to send your children through college. You want nothing to interfere with their having this start in life. This, too, can be arranged by life insurance. You can plan that during the four years they are going through college you will get an additional income to cover the heavier costs.

NOW THAT you have your whole plan mapped out, the next step is to check your husband's present insurance. How far will it go toward covering your needs? Should it be changed so that it will better fit into your new plan? How much additional insurance will you require?

Be sure to keep in mind that, aside from the original lump sum for expenses at time of your husband's death, it is income you need—not a lump sum in cash. Therefore, make certain that you are carrying insurance sufficient to provide the income you require.

There is another contingency for which you should provide. What would happen to your insurance if your husband should have a long illness? For a small additional sum you may have a clause added to your policies whereby payment of all premiums will cease during any period longer than six months that your husband is totally disabled through illness or accident. It will pay you to have this total disability clause added to your policies.

WHEN YOU have a clear picture of your entire needs, get in touch with insurance agents of two or more companies. Give them complete details of your plan. Tell them all your problems and ask them to outline for you the most efficient plan of insurance to cover your needs.

What will be the position of your husband's policies if he joins the active forces? In virtually every case, a policy taken out before war started contains no restriction on military service with the possible exception of activities in aviation. On the other hand, policies issued since the commencement of war contain a so-called war clause. Such policies provide full coverage while your husband is located in Canada or the United States except where death results from engaging in aviation. If death occurs while he is outside Canada and the United States, the benefit of these policies is restricted to the amount of premiums paid with three per cent interest. However, the Government assumes responsibility in the latter event, and if your husband is killed on active service you will receive a pension for your lifetime (or until you remarry) and for your children until they are grown up. The advantage of taking out insurance now is that no matter what your husband's physical condition may be, or how badly he may be injured, six months after he returns to Canada the war clause becomes inoperative and the full sum assured will again become payable in the event of his death.



PERFECTLY

SUITED

FOR THE

NEW SEASON

Trim, efficient-looking, charming . . . the silhouette you'll gain in one of the new Flexees — styled to minimize your waist measure, to praise your curves, to enhance your endurance for the strenuous days ahead. Planned for long life and serviceability.

Ask your favorite corsetiere. FLEXEES GIRDLES AND COMBINATIONS: \$5 to \$16.50

Flexees
FOR A FINER FIGURE

FLEX-ible EASE is the key to FLEXEES

FLEXEES • 240 Richmond Street W. • Toronto, Ontario



This gay little bag will add zest and color to your spring ensemble. It's quite small—about 10 x 11 inches—but it's ample for knitting or for carrying small parcels. The basket design is stamped on sand or black felt and the flowers are brightly colored felt cut-outs. Be sure to state whether you prefer the sand or a black felt. With strong lining, appliqué and cottons for working—\$1.50. Order No. C979.

Needlecraft

By Marie Le Cerf

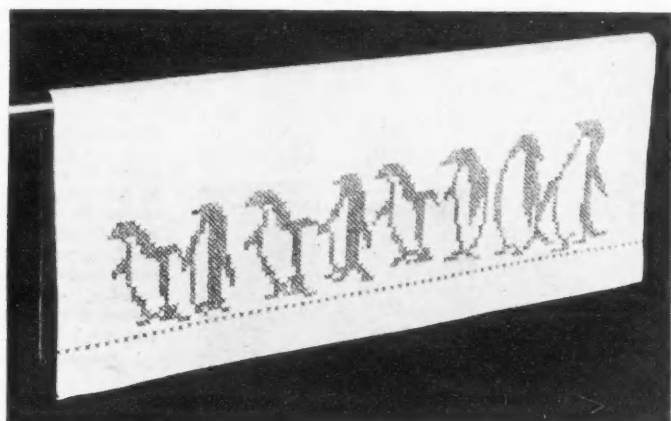
Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents.



GIFTS FOR THE NEW BABY

For baby's first ensemble—the little Nestling coat with booties to match. This original design comes stamped on warm cream cashmere, to be worked in either pale pink or blue, with ribbons for ties. The set is priced at \$1; cottons for working, 20 cents. Order No. C960.

Baby's quilted crib or carriage cover. It's stamped on taffeta silk in pale pink or blue, or on cosy cashmere in cream, pale rose or periwinkle blue. The quilting may be done by hand or machine. In taffeta silk with padding, muslin and rayon lining—\$2.50; in cashmere with padding, muslin and white cotton lining—\$1.75. Cottons for quilting and working design (machine silk or cotton is not sent)—20 cents. Order No. C975.



Let this little penguin family brighten the daily round of doing dishes. This amusing and different design is worked in cross stitch silhouette. The tea towels are of strong Irish peasant linen, about 18 x 30 inches, and are priced at \$1 per pair. Cotton for working in black (or color if requested)—10 cents. Order No. C977.



THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT

"I'm getting a Million Dollars' Worth of Satisfaction . . . for \$9 a month!"

HE TOLD ME I'd create an estate of several thousand dollars for my family—far more than I could save in years.

He told me that my life insurance would make it possible for my wife to keep up a home for our growing children.

He told me the emergency values that my insurance policy set up would continue to increase in size, year by year.

In short, he told me: "The future belongs to those who prepare for it!"

But my Prudential agent didn't tell me—how could he?—about the wonderful way I'd feel inside, knowing I'd done what was right for my family. There's real satisfaction in knowing that, even if I'm not here, my family will be well started toward a secure future.

What About Your Family's Future?

It is The Prudential's business to help you, through a soundly planned life insurance program, make the future more secure for you and your family.

For today, as always since 1875, The Prudential's business is with tomorrow. A friendly Prudential representative is ready now to help you discover, as some 8,000,000 families already are learning through their ownership of Prudential Life Insurance, the fundamental truth that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

The PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES



"I knew she was too young to have a baby!"



1. That stage whisper stopped me short. What a thing to say! Here I thought the first visit of Dick's two aunts had been such a success—and then they come out with *that* behind my back! I suppose I might have ignored it, but I decided not to. "Why, Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" I asked.



2. They were dismayed because I'd overheard, but Aunt Sarah said, "Dear, it's just that you don't seem mature enough to bring up a baby. You want to try *all* these fancy ideas. Everything has to be *special*, even the baby's laxative!"



4. "Yes, even a special *laxative*—Castoria—made *especially* for children. It's mild and gentle . . . safe, yet effective, for children from babyhood to 8 or 10 years. It's not 'harsh' or griping, like some adult laxatives.



6. "I was just going to give Judy some now," I said. "Come along and see how she likes it." And they were certainly impressed when Judy took Castoria without a protest!

CASTORIA

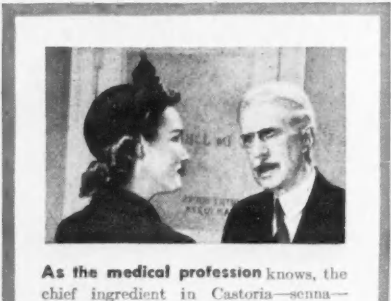
The **SAFE** laxative made especially for children.



3. "I learned that from my doctor!" I said. "He explained that babies require *different* care from grownups. And that a baby's delicate system needs *very* particular care. That's why I insist on *special* things for Judy . . .



5. "My druggist recommends Castoria, too. Says it's worth knowing about, particularly when colds are prevalent and there's apt to be more need for a laxative. So, I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

understanding and seeing in the growing shadow of Hitlerism and war not only sinister menace to their birthright, "the future," but the destruction of every personal and human value which made life worth living.

A transformation came over the 18-year-old French girl. She suddenly hated the idea of returning to a social existence only. In Geneva she met a famous psychologist who awakened her interest in social problems. By the autumn she had decided to enter the University of Geneva and study child psychology. Though still a student in 1939, when war began, she volunteered for a war job, and her knowledge of languages immediately found her a place in the French Foreign Office, from there she was transferred to London in 1940.

When the hour came that she must choose self-imposed exile in order to remain true to the tradition of her family and country, the strongest influence was the thought of her small brother at home. "Anyone who has seen what has happened to the youth of Germany under Nazi domination would rather see a child dead than have its soul destroyed in that war. I want my brother to grow up in a Free France," she said.

WHEN HER Chief asked her where she would like to work in the movement, her thoughts turned to America. She remembered the young men and women from Canada and the United States whom she had met in international convention in Geneva.

She arrived with ten English pounds in her pocket and this faith in her heart. Her instructions were to explain to Canadians the truth about the Free French military movement and its determination to fulfill France's pledge to her British ally.

She began the Free French Information Service with a staff of one—herself—but today she is proud of "La Maison France Libre," which in Ottawa houses a staff of seven. In addition to being in direct cable contact with London and Africa, handling news and pictures of Free French forces, this group gathers and transmits by every possible means the truth about Canada's war effort. German-fostered propaganda in France representing Canadians as divided or half-hearted, or picturing French-Canadians as indifferent to Britain's cause, is met by explicit facts and figures. Much of this material is used in the broadcasts to the French people, to keep them truthfully informed and cheered.

In the past year Mlle. de Miribel has seen the extension of Fighting French committees throughout Canada from 33 to 87, and still others are in process of formation. She has spoken to many audiences, giving a total of 63 addresses in six weeks during a Western tour.

Mlle. de Miribel is a tireless worker, often spending 12 hours a day at her office.

She has practically no social life. "There's not a minute to be lost," she defends herself. "If we relax an instant, it means the war will be longer—and we know the Germans will take advantage of every one of those lost minutes." On a desk in her tiny apartment is the photograph of a smiling boy of six whom she wants to grow up a "free" Frenchman. At home in France, millions of anxious men and women are risking their lives to listen to forbidden radio programmes. The work must go on! +



You'll not be forgotten if you write often

BARBER-ELLIS
FINE WRITING PAPERS
MAKERS OF
CAMEO
Stationery
STYLED AND MADE IN CANADA

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD



The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



MADE IN CANADA

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES



Alice Bracken, or "Mrs. John," as she has affectionately been known to western women for many years.

history at the Universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba; went along with John and took Home Economics at the University of Illinois while he did postgraduate work; studied art and journalism in her spare time. A club chairmanship now finds her capable and completely at ease.

"JOHN ALWAYS does the right thing. I trust him." Mrs. Bracken's voice had a quiet conviction that morning when we chatted in her big white Colonial house in Winnipeg. The Brackens' most important milestone loomed ahead. In a few hours stakes must be pulled up again; and this time the destination was Canada's capital.

A roaring wind lashed up great billows from the four-foot snowdrifts just beyond the windows. The room showed distinction. Solid comfortable furnishings that had not been fly-by-nightishly changed at fashion's whim. Soft blue, grey and sand tones. Portraits, tinted by herself, of the Scottish Bruces, the English Burgesses, the Irish Grandma Wylie—after whom Mrs. John was named—hung on the wall facing her famous "ivy window." There were smaller portraits of her six grandchildren—two girls, four boys.

Light from the crackling hearth-fire glinted on her silvering hair as we talked. Open sea-blue eyes revealed confidence, patience, a deeply spiritual simplicity of feeling which is the secret of Alice Bracken's poise.

THE BRACKENS function as a family unit, and mention of her boys brought a new sparkle to Mrs. John's eyes.

"The house is so empty now that they are all away," she said. "I always made a point of being here when they came home from school. They were always included when we entertained."

"Got a party, Mother?" small Douglas would pipe up. "I'll be here!" So after school he would slick back his hair, wash his face, and take over as one of the hosts. He is now a busy physician in Winnipeg.

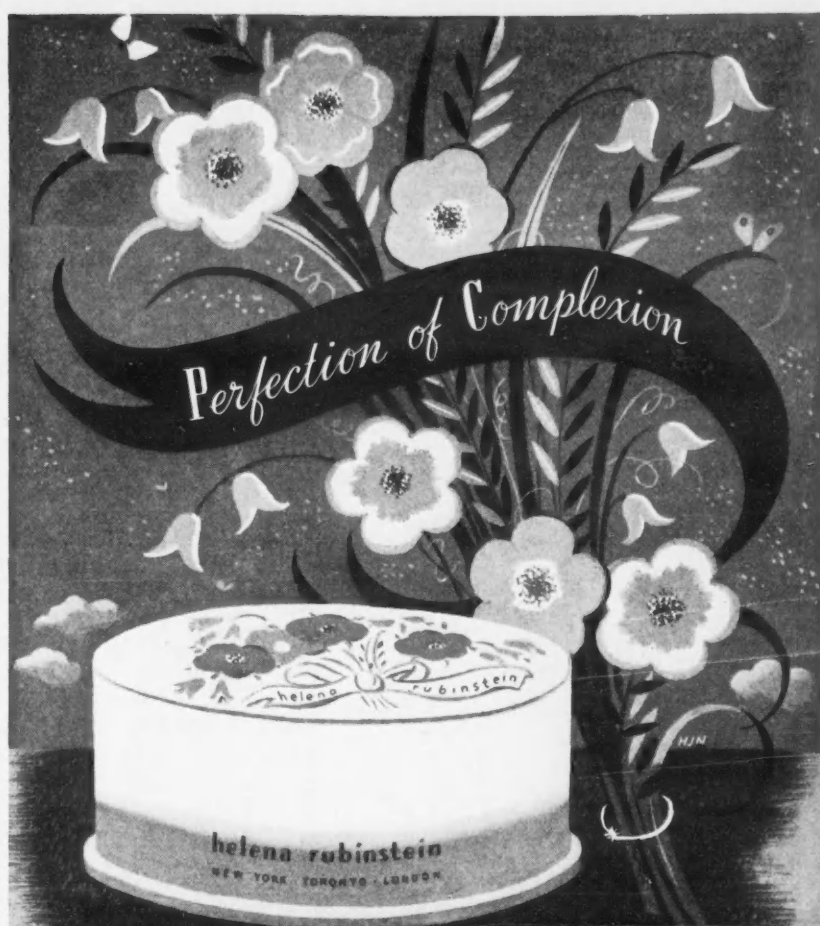
Alice Bracken treasures all her sons' letters and the things they made at "manual"—tie racks, furniture, made by George, who now works in Montreal; mantel candlesticks fashioned by Bruce, now a Lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R. and on duty in the Pacific. In the pocket of her dress she had tucked her latest bi-weekly cable from Flying Officer Gordon Bracken, R.C.A.F., serving in India.

"Happiness comes through my fondness for people—not things," she went on. "The affection that has come to me because of it is almost overpowering." I remembered how she had stood beside her husband the previous evening, at the head of the great stairway in Manitoba's Parliament Buildings, and exchanged a warm handclasp with hundreds of citizens who had braved the year's worst blizzard to bid the Brackens farewell.

This deep, warmhearted interest in people will win friendships for Alice Bracken wherever she goes. She is eager for the new scene and the new responsibilities which her husband's position must bring, yet I am confident she prefers to remain a wife and mother among a thousand others.

When I said good-by, I remembered one of the stories so typical of the Bracken spirit of tossing a compliment back and forth. On the day Gordon received his wings, one of his mother's editorials had been published—about peace in a war-torn world. It was one of Gordon's favorites, and when he was receiving congratulations on his wings, he turned to his mother and smiled.

"Mother has won her wings, too," he said. +



WITH *Helena Rubinstein* FACE POWDERS of Alluring Shades

Fine as mist . . . light as gossamer . . . blended to give your complexion a young, natural perfection . . . are the satin-smooth face powders of Helena Rubinstein . . . for dry or oily skin. And, matching their velvety naturalness . . . harmonizing with their petal-soft loveliness . . . are vivid, vibrant Helena Rubinstein lipsticks and delicate rouges.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM. The double-duty foundation that ensures a lovelier, longer-lasting make-up . . . gives day-long protection to your skin.



FACE POWDERS	
Flower Petal . . . 1.25	Apple Blossom . . 1.25
Water Lily . . . 2.00	Town & Country 3.75

PROTECTIVE POWDER FOUNDATION	
Town and Country Make-up Film	
1 oz. 1.25	2 oz. 2.00

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Deb85	Refill50
Plastic 1.25	Refill75
Enchante . . . 1.65	Refill95
Woodstick . . . 1.65	Refill95

ROUGES	
Rouge Compact 1.25	Refill75
Rouge en Creme 1.25	

helena rubinstein

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TORONTO
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Hearts go A.W.L.

WHEN SMILES GET IPANA'S SPECIAL CARE!



Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush"—Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth more sparkling with

IPANA AND MESSAGE

THERE'S nothing like a lovely smile to give romance a "break". So take care of your smile! For the admiration you've won can be so quickly lost . . . if you let neglect rob your teeth of sparkle . . . allow your gums to lose their healthy firmness.

You see, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods deprive gums of natural exercise. This often results in gums becoming tender and flabby—in that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

See your dentist the minute you see "pink tooth brush"! It may not be serious

but your dentist is the one to decide. Most likely he will simply say your gums are not getting the vigorous chewing they should have for healthy firmness. And, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly and brilliantly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer and stronger. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums.

Start now to let the healthful habit of Ipana and massage help give you the sparkling, radiant smile that aids romance!

A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada



IPANA

Tooth Paste

Three Things to Remember in Wartime:



1 Clean your teeth and massage your gums daily and go to your dentist for regular check-ups.



2 Don't waste Ipana. You need only a little to clean your teeth and massage your gums.



3 Remember to give your druggist an empty metal tube when buying a new tube of Ipana.

Mrs. John Bracken

She has poise, good sense, and a talent for making friends; she is the mother of four sons, and the wife of the new national leader of the Progressive Conservative Party.

By HARRIET DUFF SMITH

WIVES OF great British statesmen who have walked beside their husbands but never competed with them for the spotlight have an important place in history. Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of Disraeli, through a strong intuitive sense—that hallmark of complete femininity—developed the capacity to merge her own personality with that of her husband. In our own stressful times, Mrs. Winston Churchill's womanly wisdom and quiet companionship have been the British Prime Minister's unflinching props.

And Canada has its own important example of this kind of partnership in high places. As John Bracken, new leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, has grown to national stature, western women have watched Alice Bracken, affectionately known as "Mrs. John," walk by his side, softly, encouragingly. Like other clever wives of political leaders, Mrs. John has been sought many times to make public speeches. A certain inner self-management all along the way has helped her refuse. She has never made a political speech. She would like to. She could. But she doesn't.

AN EASTERN girl, Alice Bruce skated and canoed on the River Speed with John Bracken, then a student at the Ontario Agricultural College. They were married in 1909. The West soon beckoned, and then came the years of Mrs. John's courage. Her husband's salary was anything but high in those early days of his at the young University of Saskatchewan, and, though not of robust health, Alice Bracken worked hard. She cheerfully tackled the care

of four small sons, made their clothes, cooked and kept house. When John returned from his frequent lecture trips, he always found his home and children in apple-pie order.

In 1918 Mrs. Bracken helped her husband hurdle his first big milestone. Cheerfully she uprooted her western household for the third time when her husband became President of the Manitoba Agricultural College. Then a couple of years later their second big milestone was passed when John Bracken headed the Progressives and took office as Manitoba's Premier.

FOR THE next twenty years Mrs. John became ever more firmly secure in the esteem and affection of western women. Always the capable mother and housekeeper, she nevertheless found time for active support of many good causes in Winnipeg and the Province. Some twenty-odd clubs and societies claimed her as an active member—and these ranged from the Girl Guides to the Victorian Order of Nurses. "Bundles for Britain" was her recent chief war work, and she is honorary president of the Provincial R.C.N.V.R. auxiliary. During her term as President of the Women's Canadian Club, she delighted audiences with her distinctively informal introductions of many famous guests.

Because she is naturally reticent, platform work of this kind was not easy for Alice Bracken. She is no bespectacled scholastic whiz — nor indeed did she ever want to be! But, aware that she should be prepared to meet such calls, she stole every odd half-hour to arm herself and to fill gaps in her knowledge. She studied



Mrs. Bracken's famous "ivy window" — a much-admired feature in her Winnipeg living room. To conceal the outlook on a blank wall, a wood lattice was made to fit the opening, and over a period of years the ivy has been trained over the cross-bars.

WHITE COLLAR COLLECTION



Simplicity 4582

Simplicity
4576

Simplicity
4569

YOU'VE BEEN enquiring about new neckwear ideas, so we asked our New York designers to make you patterns for a flock of 'em. So in one small envelope — Simplicity Pattern No. 4582 — we've collared the spring collection for you. Nicest part of it, you can make a lot of 'em out of old blouses and lingerie you have around the house. And if there ever was a year for them, this spring of 1943 will be it. The feminine touch with the tailored outfit is the fashion keynote.

We thought you'd like these two tailored dresses, too. Left, No. 4576 is simple with a nice trick of regulation pleating in the skirt. Right, No. 4569 is the perfect business dress. Easy on material, too. Pattern Descriptions on page 37.

FOR THE JUKE AND JIVE SET



DON'T BE silly — there's one of them right under your nose. Little sister, as was, of your family fireside, sipping milk shakes at the corner and listening to the boys who play it hot on the nickel-a-shot machine.

She's thinking about clothes, too, this spring. And if you're making over yours or big sister's, please put some gay young touches on them. Fresh, smart teen-age patterns, designed for her alone, will turn the trick of making her feel happy about them.

From left to right, No. 4552 has that simplicity and waist-line yank-in she loves. A tiny white collar and gay ribbon bow may make her feel career-ish. Next, No. 4553, a dirndl type frock with a very new military-breasted look down the front. Braid or a frill outlining the bodice is the magic worker. Slightly partyish, but good for school, too, is No. 4511, with its soft neckline and gathered sleeves. That two-piecer all the girls are wearing is No. 4562. (With a pattern it's simple to cut this down from a grownup's suit.) Finally, No. 4570: the perfect skirt and blouse. She can wear them separately or together. Pattern Descriptions on page 37.



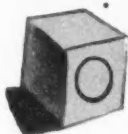
A built-in window seat gives space for toys and books, and sleeping accommodation for a little overnight guest.

And at left: How to fit in two single beds when you have a small room and want to create space.

YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

By Freda James



UR YOUNG Canadians need room to grow in. Six months, six years or sixteen, whatever age they are, they must have space, a corner, or, better still, a room of their own. If the child is the six-months-or-thereabouts age, let's choose very wisely and remember that before we can believe it he will be six years; therefore, once the bassinet and early baby stage are cast aside, we should plan for rapidly growing-up days and scale our room accordingly.

Space. Too often the only available room seems small and inadequate—but this is all the more reason for serious thought in choosing the "new" or making over the "old." Discard all that is not necessary and functional and begin by choosing a cot or bed in the simplest possible design, keeping in mind that the mattress must be good—not chosen with the idea that any kind of mattress will do for a child. You have probably read or already found out, that you can buy or remake a bed so that sides can be removed as a child goes beyond that falling-out age. By choosing a full-length bed in the begin-

ning (and using the sides), you are then settled for the future. Something that rolls easily is important for mother's convenience.

For the older child and particularly so toward the teen-age, we can give much more space by putting the bed along the wall and by using night tables or bookcases at each end of suitable height, or, if this is a permanent arrangement, let's build in the bed, or shall I say build in the arrangement of tables and bookshelves, leaving the bed to roll out easily or swing endwise for convenience in case of illness and nursing.

The beds in the photograph, made of pine and with the utmost simplicity in design, were designed with "growing up" in mind. The room was small, but by placing the beds along the walls at right angles a feeling of space was created. A dado of plaid paper taken from an old Normandy print design conforms nicely with the low design of the beds and is very practical.

Now for clothes space! Decorators, and child psychologists too, have a theory that in decorating a child's room we should encourage the young



Table and chairs "to size." This little table does double duty and serves perfectly for first kindergarten work.

to put away their own clothing and toys by keeping all pieces of furniture low and get-at-able. However, we sometimes find a most meddlesome miss who keeps her mother in a constant state of jitters as she helps herself to all the wrong clothing at the wrong time. (I believe patience and perseverance are supposed to overcome this trial!)

If the clothes closet warrants it, try building in as much as possible, such as drawers, shelves and shoe shelves, and thus eliminate a large chest in the room. This is well worth considering if the room is small. Shelves that contain baby equipment in the early stages soon turn into toy and bookshelves and later on do for schoolbooks and hobbies. Remember the back of the closet door: narrow racks above and narrow folder below will prove helpful for numerous things, particularly the folder for picture books, and later on drawing equipment.

Ventilation. One of your first thoughts in doing your child's room will be, "Let's have lots of light and air." Over curtains are not necessary in a young child's room. Pleasant fresh muslins that launder easily are always satisfactory and can be hung in very full folds across the window if there is plenty of exposure, or pushed back if light is necessary. If you want to avoid curtains entirely and get all the light possible, why not have a handy carpenter make a shaped board to form a cornice on three sides, in natural wood or painted to continue the finish of walls and woodwork? A line of color along the shaped edge, or a small floral motif if you are handy at decoration, will add to its charm. Extend it far enough to allow for a roller or Venetian blind underneath. If you keep the box free of decoration, why not let the artist in the family paint a design on the roller blind and make it a constant interest



Don't worry Son...
you'll get your share!

... thanks to the Wartime Prices & Trade Board

DON'T worry son. You'll never go hungry. You'll never want for bread or milk or cereal. Not this year or any year. Not in Canada. For your share is protected — reserved for you by Government action.

If you've found it hard to get some of the things you have been used to, such as Sanforized washables, don't fret. If Government buying restrictions have seemed an inconvenience at times, remember those restrictions are not made to *deprive* you of a thing. On the contrary they are made to insure you and everyone else in Canada *that you will get your share.*

Obviously the task of administering Canada's supply of food, fuel and clothing is terrifically difficult. Yet Canada's Wartime Prices and Trade Board is doing it efficiently and

well. The prompt action of this Board has helped keep down prices, greatly reduced the danger of inflation, minimized hoarding, and is aimed generally at protecting the "little fellow."

Concerning Sanforized shirts, shorts, dresses, overalls, pajamas, slacks: there are still supplies available. Not quite the style range perhaps — or the variety of colors, but enough for basic needs. So when you do buy a garment that's going to be washed — ask for one that's Sanforized. Then you know it won't be wasted because of shrinkage.

• SANFORIZED •

Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

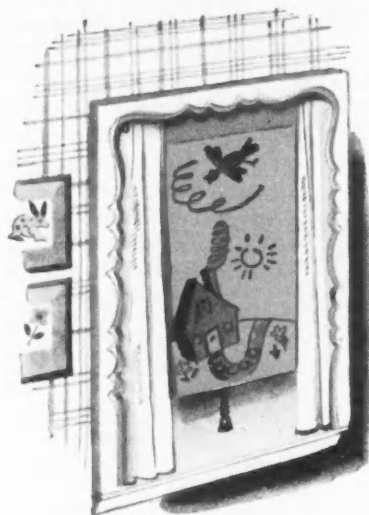
leaning toward pastels, but in any case let's have lots of gaiety. Children love color and should have it, but always keep in mind that a child's toys and books make quite a pattern in the room and give great variety of color. You don't have to start a young baby off with the proverbial pink and blue. Yellow is charming as a color for the nursery and can be combined with soft blue or gay pink. White backgrounds are always safe and give great scope for color accents.

For the first wall decorations, what could be more attractive than decorated cutouts made from some of the favorite

drawings, over the girl's or boy's desk, with lighting inside a cornice above. This can be painted board or (when it again becomes available) cork. Good fun to hang one's clippings and pictures, and later use it for date reminders, snapshots, etc. Blackboards are indispensable in the room for the beginners. You can sometimes slip one on the back of a door, putting the ledge for chalk below, or, if you have a spare wall space, place it low for the four-year-old and raise it as the years go by. This, I might say, usually helps keep under control the favorite wall scribbling enthusiastically indulged in by so many youngsters.

Floors. What to do with the floor is always a bit of a problem. For the early years—in fact right through—it is hard to better linoleum, both for practical use and decorative results. Washable cotton scatter rugs in good colors, and later the Canadian hand-tufted or hooked rugs, are always attractive thrown on the lino. If you prefer a large rug, you can always introduce it and leave the lino for the border.

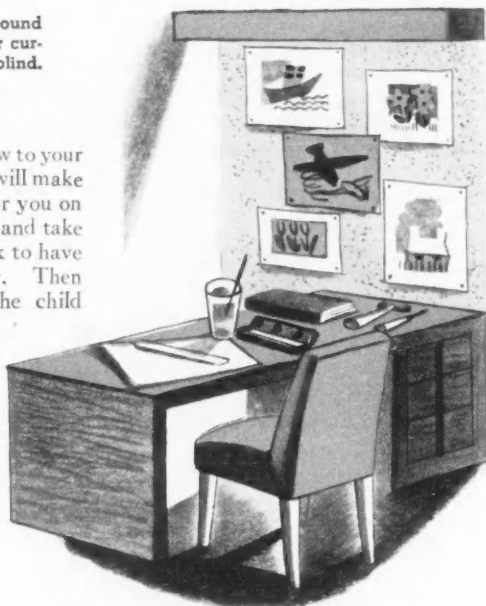
We have, through circumstances, been forced into a regime of simplicity. Let us create the rooms for our young Canadians around this theme and show them how to live comfortably and attractively...giving them the feeling that they are developing their own rooms by their own creative ability. +



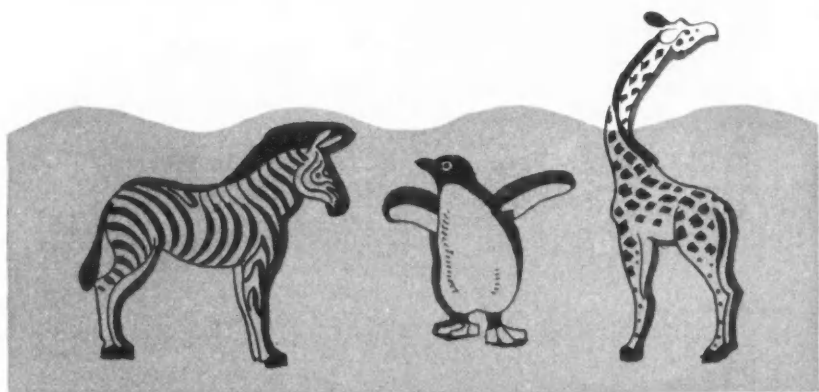
Gay scalloped wood surround giving a nice finish for sheer curtains and decorated roller blind.

animal stories? If you can't draw to your satisfaction, find someone who will make some simple smart drawings for you on either heavy board or plywood and take them to a cabinet shop and ask to have them cut out on a buzz-saw. Then comes the decorating. If the child likes to draw, encourage him by having some of his own nice imaginative animals cut out and hung. The habit grows, and soon you will have an amusing and decorative frieze around the room, with good opportunity to make comparisons in the drawing progress. Or segregate them over the bed or some piece of furniture.

You will see that we have suggested in one of our sketches an arrangement for pictures or maps or



Workable desk for boy or girl, with lighted wall board encouraging hobby collections.



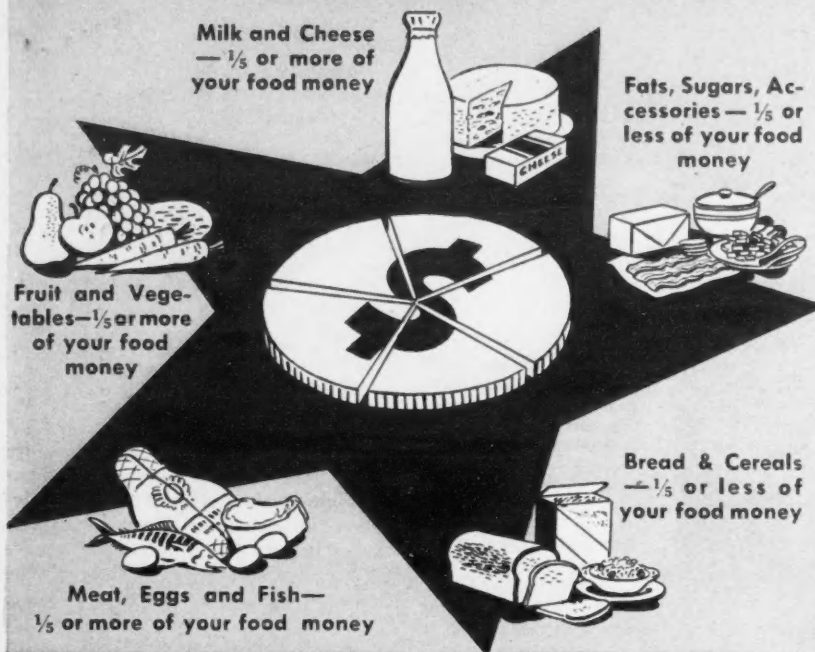
Silvo is silver's most flattering beauty treatment. It charms away every last trace of stain or tarnish.

“First Love”

If you possess this exquisite pattern from the workshops of International Silver, you will treasure it more than ever today since, if anything happened to it, it might be difficult to replace. So be sure to follow the advice of its makers and bring out its full lustrous beauty with Silvo, the bland polish which removes every trace of dimness or stain gently, quickly, safely! Use it on all your silver to make and keep it “good as new.”

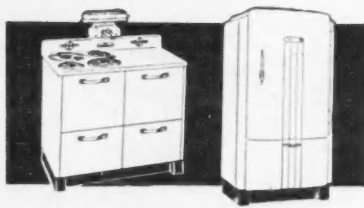


A Five-Star Guide to GOOD NUTRITION



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC presents a simple plan for getting the most out of your Food Dollar

Spend one-fifth of every food dollar on each of the following kinds of food—(1) Milk and cheese, (2) Fruits and vegetables, (3) Meat, eggs and fish, (4) Bread and cereals, (5) Fats, sugars and accessories. To help you put this plan into action a new booklet is now available—"How to Get the Most Out of the Food You Buy". Ask your G-E dealer for a copy.



Because of government restrictions, new appliances cannot be built and replacement parts are becoming more scarce. With proper attention G-E Appliances will serve you for a great many years. Your G-E Refrigerator preserves vitamins, prevents food spoilage . . . Your G-E Hotpoint Range cooks appetizingly and healthfully.



EM-243

VICTORY RECIPE

CHEESE POTATO PATTIES

2 cups mashed (leftover) potatoes
1/2 cup grated cheese
1 egg

Bread crumbs

Combine mashed potatoes and cheese. Form into patties. Dip into beaten egg and roll in crumbs. Fry to golden brown in skillet. Makes 8 cakes.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO
LIMITED**

A cupboard that grows up from early baby to teen age.



when pulled down at "napping time," to be followed later with decoration suitable for an older child, such as ships or planes for boys and dolls, favorite sports or flowers for girls. Shadowproof blinds will darken the room nicely without that unsightly "dark blind" we used to think necessary. Dark inner draw - curtains in casement cloth are very often a necessity, but can be tucked well back.

Above all things, keep simplicity in mind when choosing curtains for the older child's room. They can be gay, fresh, colorful and washable chintzes, ginghams, sailcloth matching the slipcovers, or the sheer washable muslins referred to. With more thought toward good ventilation, you might introduce a screen to shield the bed of the very young from window draughts, using a painted one which can later be decorated in more adult manner and at all times be a cheery decorative note in the room.

Lighting. Lamps that do not topple easily are what we find mothers constantly looking for. . . and lighting out of reach of the Young Inquisitive. Let us concentrate on good lighting carefully planned. If lighting is inconspicuous and well done, children do not as a rule notice it in their pranks. Good wood bases, natural or painted, in attractive designs and simple, can stay in a child's room throughout the growing-up period if well chosen in the beginning and if redecorated every so often. Complete them with washable parchment shades, light in color so as to give all possible brightness. A narrow binding in color, possibly matching the design on the base, would give variation.

Furniture to Size. I have already mentioned beds, clothes space, clothes closets, etc., so let us concentrate here on the more movable pieces such as chairs, desk or tables. The low comfortable chair for mother when reading bedtime stories or doing the mending is an item worth choosing with great forethought; in other words it is a good investment because it is bound to come

in for hard wear when children reach the climbing stage. Later, with a new gay slipcover, it becomes quite sophisticated in the growing-up room.

A small table for first "after-high chair meals," of sturdy build and with accompanying chair, serves also for kindergarten work. The design shown in the sketch is fun in either natural wood or painted, and of course more interesting if decorated. Small chairs for the short legs of little playmates are a help in making this the child's "very own room." If you can manage it, a low desk gives a great thrill. Built on modern lines, it becomes a low occasional table later on.

If you have the opportunity for building in a window seat as sketched, with accompanying desk and bookcase, you will find it not only a popular place for reading and studying, but most convenient for the night or two when you have a little guest. If wanting to use it in this way, you would of course have to select a mattress rather than seat pad. The cushions at the back are easily removable and the drawers underneath give space for tucking away bedding and toys. What a joy!

And speaking of reading, do try to put in bookshelves at an early age. You will find children are much more careful of their books and are inclined to read more if there is a convenient and orderly arrangement of this kind.

Color and Decorations. You may prefer the primary colors, or have a

DRAWINGS BY NANCY CAUDLE



Start a Garden Club

By Marie A. Johnston

A GARDEN is going to be an important home project to many Canadians in the coming season—not merely for the satisfaction of raising and using our own vegetables, but for the health and relaxation which this outdoor hobby offers during times of tension. One of the best ways of stimulating interest in gardening, and in giving good practical direction to amateur efforts, is through the organization of a neighborhood or community garden club. Our club is six years old, and I can testify to the fact that few community projects have been such a constant source of instruction and pleasure to all members.

We have studied and discussed our common problems, organized group visits to each other's gardens and near-by nurseries, experimental stations, etc., exchanged flower seeds, bulbs, perennial roots and seedling plants, arranged an annual flower and vegetable show which has been a popular community event, sent gifts of flowers and other garden products to the sick and needy. Most important of all, however, is the general improvement which has come about in the appearance of our town—in tidiness, attractive gardens and neat lawns. We have watched this ancient creative urge to beautify and cultivate take hold and develop; individually and as a community we have acquired health and wealth—the wealth of better thoughts and better living environment.

THROUGH STUDY and exchange of personal experiences at our meetings we have learned the principles of good gardening and have thus been able to avoid many of those disappointments and failures which make the path of the amateur so difficult.

Here, for example, are some of the lessons we have learned:

An ideal garden site is one that slopes

gently to the south and is well sheltered from prevailing winds.

When planning a garden in the autumn, have the ground cultivated and work in a generous supply of fertilizer. Cultivate again in the spring before seeding.

A garden should never be permitted to become a drudgery by planting more than can be reasonably and pleasurably cared for. An hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, after the garden is planted, should keep the average home garden in good shape, but, if neglected for days at a time when weeds are growing rampantly, it soon becomes a heavy burden to get it into shape. More careful work in planting is worth days of labor later on.

The best seed and the best plant material are essential to good results. This does not always mean the most expensive, but care should be taken to get the good varieties and those best suited to the locality. It requires no more time or space to care for good plants than for poor. There are disappointments in every gardening season, but these are generally offset by delightful surprises and plenty of fresh green vegetables and beautiful flowers.

The pruning of live wood should be done when the sap is dormant, but if done in the summertime the wound should be painted with pine tar or ordinary paint as a protection against moisture and insects. Always use a sharp instrument for pruning, and make a clean diagonal cut as close as possible above a bud.

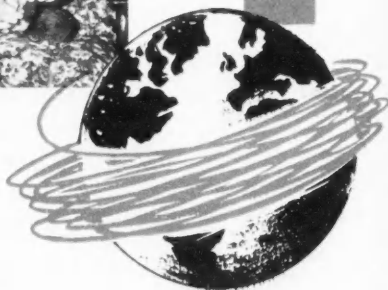
Even in the average backyard garden, rotation of the vegetable crop can be practiced with success. Better results are obtained by planting a certain plot to peas the first year, cabbage the next year, and a fibrous-rooted vegetable (such as parsnips) the following season.



This Global War

One pair of hands with a ball of wool and some knitting needles working away doesn't seem like much. But thousands of pairs of hands during the last four years have knitted more than three and a half million socks, scarves, belts, caps, mitts and helmets, channelling this work through the Canadian Red Cross.

They've used enough wool, in fact, to stretch thirty times around the world at its fattest point!



OUTDOORS

Kodak Verichrome Film gives you as good snaps in winter as in summer. Has remarkable "range." Takes full advantage of available light. Puts sparkle and life in snaps made in wintry sunshine. "Gets the picture" even without bright sun.

PLAN A "SNAPSHOT VISIT" EVERY WEEK

Winter snaps are easy



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KODAK FILM

"She's a delightful hostess"
"Yes. But her toilets..."



Keep it clean!

There's no excuse for toilet bowls that offend. Sani-Flush takes all the hard work out of toilet sanitation. It's quick, easy. Removes stubborn stains and the invisible film where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Made in Canada. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

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CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

YOUR HOME! Keep it BRIGHT...CHEERFUL

An Important Contribution to VICTORY

Keep your home gay... cheerful... smiling! Make it part of a winning "home front". Liquid Veneer will help you because it keeps furniture and woodwork so clean, so new-looking and is so easy to use. A Canadian favorite for over 50 years, made in Fort Erie North, Ontario. There's nothing quite like it! Your dealer has Liquid Veneer; 25c and 50c.



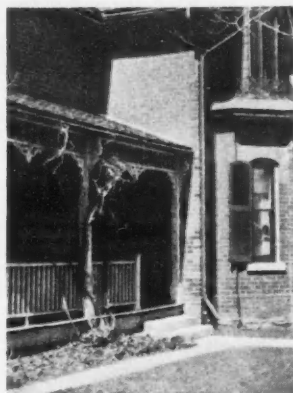
LIQUID VENEER
Furniture Polish

A Change of Face

By J. F. C. Smith, Architect

IF YOU own an older house, of the vintage of 1890 or thereabouts, and complete with one of those long porches which were a specialty of the period, here's something for your remodelling scrapbook.

The residence belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacDonald, of Barrie, Ont., and the new entrance is the first part of a remodelling scheme to be carried out in easy stages. Below, you see the original approach — the "gingerbread" porch which darkened hall and one room and which was seldom used for sitting out. The plan of the house was fairly efficient and no changes were deemed necessary within, but the owners felt that a face-lifting operation was long overdue. A neat Colonial-type doorway would give dignity and character.



ABOVE, YOU see the new entrance treatment. The doorway design follows an Early Ontario precedent: a six-panel door surmounted by a graceful transom, and set between pilasters crowned by classic entablature.

A flagstone walk leads to the steps and platform. As the work was completed before the days of urgent metal priorities, there's a simple iron handrail, painted black, with a bullnose newel and bronze finial. Hardware and lighting fixture are also bronze. The new door and the original shutters are painted green, the woodwork white.

It is planned later on to paint the whole structure white and conceal the varying shades of the red brick walls. +

Pointers for the Home

WITH SO many cotton rugs on the market and in use today, the care of them becomes very important. If the rug is pure cotton and vat dyed, it should wash well, provided you use a mild soap and lukewarm water. Strong soaps and hot water make cotton rugs fuzzy. Be gentle, dry it flat—not over a clothesline or radiator. Spots and stains may be washed out except those which are immune to water, such as grease or acid. These you can remove with a good dry cleaner, or, if the spot is large and stubborn, better send the rug to a first-class laundry.

Dog stains require quick action to avoid penetrating a rug. Rinse promptly with water, or use a solution of vinegar and water, half and half. No luck? Try a quarter cupful of salt in two cupfuls of water, then sponge with one part ammonia to 20 parts water.

If you have run out of your favorite brass cleaner, you might try this. Dip a rag in a little vinegar, then in common salt, and rub the brass with this.

For country-dwellers: It's not too early to begin thinking about next year's supply of fuelwood. The dead, diseased, crooked or forked trees are the ones to cut for fuel; leave the

thrifty, sound, straight-growing trees to grow into sawlogs and other higher value products.

It isn't good business for a farmer to cut fuelwood only as he needs it. In the first place, green wood gives off less heat than seasoned wood. It takes about a cord and a half of green wood to give off as much heat as a cord of seasoned wood. Besides, green wood causes deposits of soot, creosote and acetic acid in the smoke pipe and flue. Cutting firewood now will mean that your fuel supply will have a chance to season thoroughly before it is required next autumn. The Dominion Forest Service experts estimate that a cord of well-cured fuelwood will save about a ton of coal for war industries—and that's well worth a little forehanded effort.

A little laundry starch added to the water in which mirrors are washed will remove soil and produce a good polish.

Keep that precious waffle iron in good condition by doing the following at regular intervals: 1. Brush the baking surface of the iron with a very stiff brush. 2. Never use soap or water, but grease the baking surface with unsalted fat. 3. Heat the iron to baking temperature, allow to cool, then wipe off excess grease. +



The most dependable laundry starch for use in the home, smooth and always of the same fine quality. Silver Gloss gives just the right finish to all laundered articles.

Its attractive package is equipped with an easy opener which permits your pouring the starch easily from the package.



Directions on the package guide you to easily obtained results that have made Silver Gloss the most popular Laundry Starch in Canada, at a popular price.

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A NEW CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETIN



PLANNING A SHOWER? Perhaps We Can Help You!

So much of the success of the event depends on the planning put into it, the novelty of the idea, the type of entertainment, the way the stunts are put over.

Chatelaine offers you the very latest in ideas, a booklet culled from hundreds of suggestions submitted by Chatelaine readers all over Canada. Three dollars was paid for each idea. All are practical, successful and different. Fill in the coupon below and send 15c today for Chatelaine's selection of the best ideas of the day for novel, interesting and amusing showers.

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HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of Home Management

WOMEN ARE THE KEY MEN

in Conservation



EVEN in this country we can't just take food for granted any more. And we don't nowadays; we've stopped thinking of it merely as something very nice to have around when we're hungry and always on tap in limitless quantity and variety whenever we want it. Instead, we're developing a healthy respect for food as a source of health and means to victory. For food, we're coming to realize, is as vital as men or munitions to winning the war.

So as a universal topic of conversation, this question of what and how much we'll eat in 1943 has all the old stand-bys backed off the map. It supersedes the weather and even the war—or the Russians. Listen in wherever you are—at your friends' homes, on the train, in the restaurant, or any place where people congregate; ten to one they'll be talking about food and its importance in our strength and strategy.

Food is news, by its very scarcity. Never before have we known anything but abundance and never until now did we dream that rations, restrictions, shortages would rule our menus or that conservation of our supplies would be the patriotic duty of every Canadian.

CANADA IS still a land of plenty, but we're asked today to share that plenty with other people. When you consider that we'll send overseas this year 675,000,000 pounds of bacon, 125,000,000 pounds of cheese, millions of dozens of eggs, all our salmon and herring pack, and astronomical weights of other items, it's easy to understand why our grocers' shelves are not as luxuriantly stocked as they used to be. Just think of what it takes to feed our men and women in

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

training camps, and the colossal amount of food required to provision merchant ships, which is a new wartime responsibility that Canada has taken on. Think of the victuals that go into gift boxes for the fighting fronts and into parcels for the prisoners of war. The Red Cross sends each week 70,000 eleven-pound parcels which amount to over 1,500 tons of food a month. And this figure will soon be upped to 100,000 parcels weekly or 2,200 tons of food each month. Think of it—26,400 tons in one year in these parcels alone.

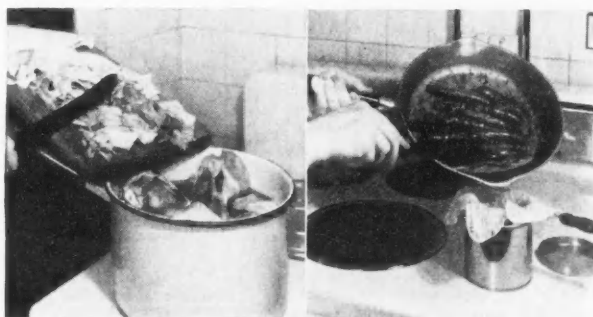
Now we don't begrudge an ounce of any of this, nor a scrap of the food that will be needed to nourish the population of other countries as we free them one by one. But remember that the nearer we get to final victory, the greater will be the demands upon our resources and the more acute the problems of production, processing, transportation, distribution and conservation.

It's up to the Government to provide the labor and the means to make enough food available and to get it to the right places at the right time. But in conservation the women are the key men, and conservation is the watchword for our 1943 housekeeping.

TO DO a good wartime job every Canadian housekeeper must provide her family with the best nutrition possible, making the fullest use of foods on hand and wasting not a morsel. It means a new order of meals and meal planning based on supplies which are still plentiful, and finding substitutes for those that are scarce. When butter is short, for instance, we must learn to use other fats in its place and, because all fats are precious nowadays, to get along with as little

as possible. As pork is earmarked for Britain, we must switch to other meats, and if at times there's not enough of these to go round, we must shift again to meat sundries — liver, heart, kidney—and other stand-ins such as dried beans, dried peas, fish, cheese and eggs.

The supply of fresh fruits and vegetables and the



Conservation in the kitchen: Use meat bones as the basis of delicious soup . . . Save the fat from the frying pan for salvage.



"It doesn't take a scratchy cleanser to do a fast job!"

Once porcelain is covered with the tiny scratches that catch and hold the dirt—it's much harder to clean. So why take chances? Especially when Bon Ami cleans so *safely* and quickly! You see, Bon Ami is free from the coarse grit and harsh alkalis that can be damaging to porcelain. Yet it's speedy and easy to use . . . leaves porcelain shining with cleanliness. For remember—Bon Ami *polishes as it cleans!*

**Quick—easy—safe
for all your cleaning**

Use Bon Ami for bathtubs, stoves, refrigerators, too. It helps keep things smooth, shiny, looking their best. That's doubly important now when household equipment is so hard to replace.



Bon Ami

MADE IN CANADA



"hasn't scratched yet!"

If very early gladiolus blooms are wanted, growth may be commenced in the house in a dark cool place until such time as the corms may be planted outdoors. When cutting gladiolus blooms, it is important to remember not to destroy more leaves than absolutely necessary, as those remaining help with the continued development of the corms.

Peonies should be planted with no more than two or two and one-half inches of soil covering the crowns.

Dahlias can be successfully grown from seed and from cuttings as well as from the tubers.

After the first hard frost in autumn, the stalks of dahlias should be cut off about six inches from the ground, thus preventing moisture from running down into the tubers and starting decay. After cutting down the stalks, leave the tubers in the ground as long as it is safely possible. Store tubers upside down in boxes in a cool dark place with about three inches of dry sand over them. January is a good time to examine tubers and, if found to be too dry, slightly moisten the sand.

TALKS AT our monthly meetings have dealt with such subjects as hedges for screening, rock gardens, lily pools, pruning of shrubs and trees, improvement of soil, parasite control, and so on. Much timely information is disseminated through our roll call, when members answer, as each name is called, by proffering a helpful hint on gardening.

A few years ago basket-weaving was commenced as a winter activity. A small sum from the club funds was used to buy the reed, and the finished baskets are the property of the club and useful during our annual flower displays.



A study of Canadian bird life has been begun, with the idea of helping the members to make birds at home in their gardens and thus keep insect pests under control.

Donations to the Red Cross have been made following special activities such as entertainments and sale of work. On one occasion a nice sum was raised for war work from the sale of potted house plants grown by club members, and by assortments of bulbs and perennial roots brought from their own gardens.

A garden club, as you see, can march along with various worthy community projects—and there are many Canadian towns which could do with an enterprising, helpful organization of this kind.

Where's my RENNET- CUSTARD

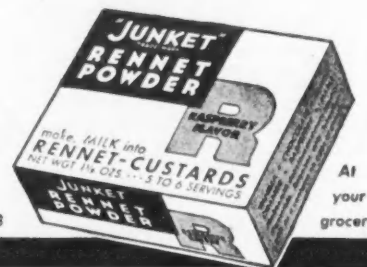


Be sure your child gets the full quota of milk each day. When plain milk palls make it into rennet-custards with "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER (six flavours) needs no sugar, or "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS (unsweetened, flavour to taste). No cooking required as they contain no eggs or gelatin. Rennet-Custard digests easier than milk.

RENNET-CUSTARD IS A HIGHLY NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Write for FREE Recipe Book to

"THE 'JUNKET' FOLKS"
Toronto, Can.



Everybody IS TALKING ABOUT vitamin B

It's a fact that a normal person eating three square meals a day may still be undernourished. The reason? Because the meals do not contain enough vitamins—especially the "B" Vitamins.

A full daily quota of the "B" Vitamins means better appetite and digestion—better nerves and more enduring stamina for work or play.

If you want to get your daily quota of the important "B" Vitamins—simply add tasty, "TONIK" Wheat Germ to your regular meals . . . it's delicious on your morning cereal!

"TONIK" Wheat Germ is the natural concentrated form of the Vitamin B Complex—especially processed with the unessentials removed—and it keeps indefinitely.

Join the thousands who have a better way to happy living through better health, by making sure, you too, get enough of the vital "B" Vitamins—daily!

Ask for "TONIK" Wheat Germ at your grocer or druggist—you'll be pleasantly surprised at its low cost!

"TONIK" WHEAT GERM

43-6M



The First Party

By
Helen G. Campbell

Helping mother get ready for the party. You can't bake a birthday cake without breaking an egg.

THE MOST important thing in a children's party is to have it small, short and simple. Don't give one at all before the youngster is five or six years old, then limit it to only a few little friends of about the same ages.

Plan the menu and entertainment accordingly with more or less familiar but not too exciting games and plain food given a touch of novelty in the garnish and the way it's served. Don't let them wait too long for refreshments; this is the high light to children, and no matter how you slave to entertain them beforehand, they'll ask when the party begins! So it's a good idea to have them come a little before their regular meal hour, serve it soon, then provide them with the means of amusing themselves in their own fashion under your guidance. And be sure to get them home before their bedtime.

A party can be not only a treat for children, but a little training in etiquette and hospitality. Give the young host or hostess some share in the plans and arrangements. He—or she—might stamp and post the note of invitation you have written to the child's mother, help in setting the table, assist in receiving the guests and be given some responsibility for entertaining them. They might even help—or be made to think they're helping—with the preparation of the meal.

Children love make-believe, so the

table should wear a gay and fanciful but not elaborate dress. You might lay white crepe paper smoothly over the top, then fasten a very full frill of Irish green paper around the edge for an overhang. Have squares or rounds of the same color and material, with fluted edges, for place mats and matching small ones under the glasses. In the centre a crepe paper doll and, if you like, a similar little favor for each child.

If it's a birthday party, you could use the cake for a centrepiece. The top might be decorated with gumdrops and in the centre a cluster of candles—one for each year and one to grow on. Or it could be a white cake with striped candy sticks standing upright round the edge and holding up a cone-shaped colored cardboard top, with a little flag at the peak.

For games you could have the ever-popular Pinning the Tail on the Donkey, a hunt for paper-wrapped kisses or jelly beans, potato race, a grab bag or fish pond with the simplest, most inexpensive little favors—maybe a paper hat to wear at the table.

Other old-fashioned games—Button, Button, London Bridge, Drop the Handkerchief, throwing bean bags—are always fun and can each be played for a short time. For something active, you might try a tight-rope relay race. Stretch two ropes along the floor, tying the ends to chairs at opposite ends of the

Sugarless and Oh-So-Good!



ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS PRUNE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening	1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup corn syrup	1 cup flour
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran	2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
	1/2 cup chopped prunes

Soak prunes in water 1 hour, drain, remove pits and cut into small pieces. Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture along with prunes and stir only until flour disappears. Fill in greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2 1/4 inches in diameter).

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add 1/2 teaspoon soda.

You'll love these ALL-BRAN muffins...the distinctive texture, the better flavor... that cannot be achieved with just ordinary bran. You'll be delighted, too, by the way the regular use of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN keeps you free from the common type of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it.

Keeps You Regular...



...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.



"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"



A circus party: plain tablecloth, a ruffly centrepiece, pictures of funny-face clowns mounted on cardboard and wired in place. Little inexpensive presents for everyone.

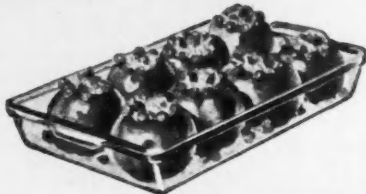
FOR MORE NUTRITIOUS MEALS COOK AND SERVE IN PYREX WARE

BRAND



1. TASTY MEATS AND FISH! Your Pyrex utility dish cooks or roasts all kinds of main courses. Cook, serve, and then keep your left-overs, all in the same handy dish!

IN TIMES like these it's doubly important to serve your family *balanced* meals. Just see what this one Pyrex dish can do to help you! And each smart Pyrex dish can be used for a dozen nutritious, appetizing recipes. And you can serve and keep each food in the same sparkling clear utensil it was cooked in. Pyrex ware cooks better, and faster—saving fuel. It washes easier, too! Choose Pyrex ware to help you serve better meals for less money!



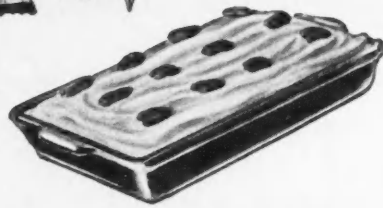
2. TEMPTING VEGETABLE DISHES! All vegetables are on the nutrition experts' "Protective Foods" list, should be served frequently. See how this Pyrex dish dresses them up!



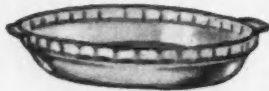
3. CRISP SALADS! Serve your family lots of fresh fruits and vegetables for balanced, attractive meals. Your utility dish makes a charming salad bowl . . . and washes clean with no effort at all!



4. DELICIOUS DESSERTS! Gingerbread, cakes, puddings, custards are just a few of the many good, nourishing things you can prepare in this handy Pyrex ware utility dish!



EVERY GLEAMING DISH HAS A DOZEN USES!



NEW Pyrex "Flavor-Saver" pie plate with convenient glass handles. Fluted edge of new deep Pyrex "Flavor-Saver" keeps juice and flavor in! Pies bake faster, brown evenly all over.



NEW Pyrex mixing bowls, perfect for mixing, baking, and keeping tasty dishes! Designed to fit your hand. They nest to save space. Set of three comes in 32, 48, and 80 oz. sizes.

Amazing Pyrex Dishes that fear no fire!



RIGHT OVER THE FLAME. Liquid levels always visible. Modern Pyrex Flameware saucepan . . . won't stain, easy to wash. Snap-on handle.

PYREX OVENWARE FLAMEWARE

BRAND

SOLE
CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS
JOHN A. HUSTON COMPANY,
LIMITED, TORONTO

GET THESE MODERN UTENSILS AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE TODAY!

pack of canned ones next fall depend not only on the weather but on the labor available to grow, harvest and process them. Here is one way that many of us can contribute to the national larder—by having a Victory garden in our backyards. Even a small plot will yield a surprising quantity of food if varieties suitable to the soil and location are planted and the proper care is given to them. Now is the time to begin thinking about it, studying the seed catalogues and laying your plans. Tomatoes, carrots and leaf lettuce will do well in a small space and give good returns from a nutritional standpoint.

Even a windowbox can be utilized for growing food, and a pot of parsley provides both glamour for a dish and a lot of vitamins for your table. Scarlet runner beans climbing over the porch are a source of excellent food—handsome is and handsome does! Collective gardening is a good idea if there is a vacant lot nearby or a patch of ground available on the edge of town. And if your space will grow more than you could eat during the season, it is not too early even now to map out a general plan for storage and preserving the fruits of your labor.

Hints For Saving

When you buy food, keep up to date on what is locally plentiful, and adapt your menus accordingly.

Know your groceries and concentrate on foods which give the best returns in food value. Learn how to substitute this for that; if one product is not available choose another of similar nutritive quality and thus keep your menus well balanced. If fresh milk, should be temporarily short, put more canned milk or cheese in the day's meals; if citrus fruits are scarce or expensive, use more tomato juice, more raw cabbage salads, turnip sticks and fresh fruits. And vice versa.

Buy only for current needs in quantities to suit the size of your family, storage space and menu plans. Larger size containers—of fruits, vegetables, ketchup and so on—are usually better

value provided you can use them up fairly soon before the family tires of them.

When you store. Store food in a suitable place according to the nature of your supplies. This prevents spoilage and waste. For instance, hardy fruits and vegetables—apples, turnips, potatoes, etc.—need merely a cool dry place, but perishables demand prompt refrigeration. Keep opened cans of tomato juice and other fruits and vegetables cool and covered, and plan to use them within a day or two. Give green vegetables the cool moist atmosphere of a covered pan in the refrigerator.

When you cook. Save the bits and pieces—the fat from sausage and other meat, bones first for soup and afterward for salvage, outer leaves of vegetables for the soup pot, the water in which vegetables are cooked to gravy and so on. Use vegetable water for dilute evaporated milk in making a cream sauce.

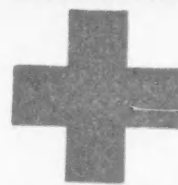
Dry and crumb the heel of a loaf to use as topping of casseroles and scallops, in puddings, meat and fish loaves and the like. Save stale cake crumbs, too, for a variety of dessert uses. Gingerbread crumbs added to a custard mix gives you a new and delightful flavor. Put a spoonful in the bottom of each individual cup and you can get along with one egg to two cups of milk in the recipe.

Use up your sour milk or cream in biscuits, muffins, cakes; don't feed it to your sink.

Save by not having more leftovers than you can help and use up any odds and ends promptly. Don't lose them in the back of your refrigerator.

Save food value by careful preparation; cook meat at low temperature, potatoes and other vegetables in their jackets—frequently at least. Use as little water as possible and cook them only until tender.

Avoid failures by replacing guesswork with precision—accurate measurements, proper temperature and good timing for every dish. +



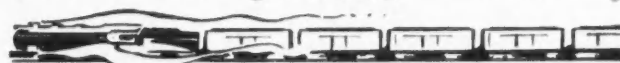
Food by the mile

More than two million food parcels have gone to Allied Prisoners of War from the Canadian Red Cross.

It has taken more than four hundred freight cars, jammed full, to carry them. Enough cars to make a train three miles long. Think about waiting at a crossing for that one to pass!

Even more important is the fact that half the \$10,000,000 the Canadian Red Cross needs for the coming year is allocated for Prisoners of War Parcels. Enough to keep our men who are temporarily A.W.L., as one put it fed until we keep our rendezvous with them, "Somewhere behind enemy lines."

----- 3 MILES -----



Life-Savers

By Helen G. Campbell



Your War Savings Stamps are paying for these new emergency rations which may mean the difference between life and death.

A FEW MONTHS ago, the Royal Canadian Navy handed its Medical Research Unit a big job—to improve the emergency ration for fighting ships and to devise a container into which the food and drink could be compactly and safely stored away.

It was a tall order, for these rations which are standard equipment of life rafts and floats, must stand up to extreme temperatures, from below zero in a mid-Atlantic winter to the sweltering heat of a tropic day. The food must be concentrated to a high degree, it must provide a good nutritional balance, but it must not consist of anything which would induce thirst. Last, but not least, it must be a lot more palatable than the old hard tack.

So a group of three Naval scientists got to work in co-operation with the Banting Institute and commercial manufacturers and have produced the finest kit and contents so far.

The container itself is about the size of a small overnight bag and is coated with a salt-water-resisting paint. It is vacuum packed for buoyancy, so that it does not add any extra weight to the raft and, if not opened, will float.

Eight cans of water, eight tins of food and eight packets of extra ration food, in the form of malted milk tablets, go into each container—enough to

sustain eight "overboard" seamen for a day or two while they wait for rescue. Later, chewing gum will be added to the unit.

The food — twelve concentrated biscuits, two chocolate ration bars and twelve chocolate malted milk tablets—is snugly packed in small containers about the size and shape of a sardine tin. This is equipped with a key for opening and when empty it becomes a drinking cup with ounce and two-ounce measurements plainly marked. Water tins—with key attached—hold 15 ounces of sterilized water which will not rust the inside of the can and will not freeze unless the temperature goes as low as 16 degrees below zero. The food is sterilized too and that chocolate bar will stand heat up to 212 deg. Fahr. without melting.

These sealed emergency ration units are secured in place in the life raft and float in such a way that they're always available. Thus the sailors who have to abandon ship will not be without nourishment and will stand a much better chance of coming through to have another go at the enemy.

You'll see the way the Navy protects its men and the way it fights the war at sea, if you visit the Canadian Naval War Exhibition which is now on tour of sixteen key cities across Canada. +

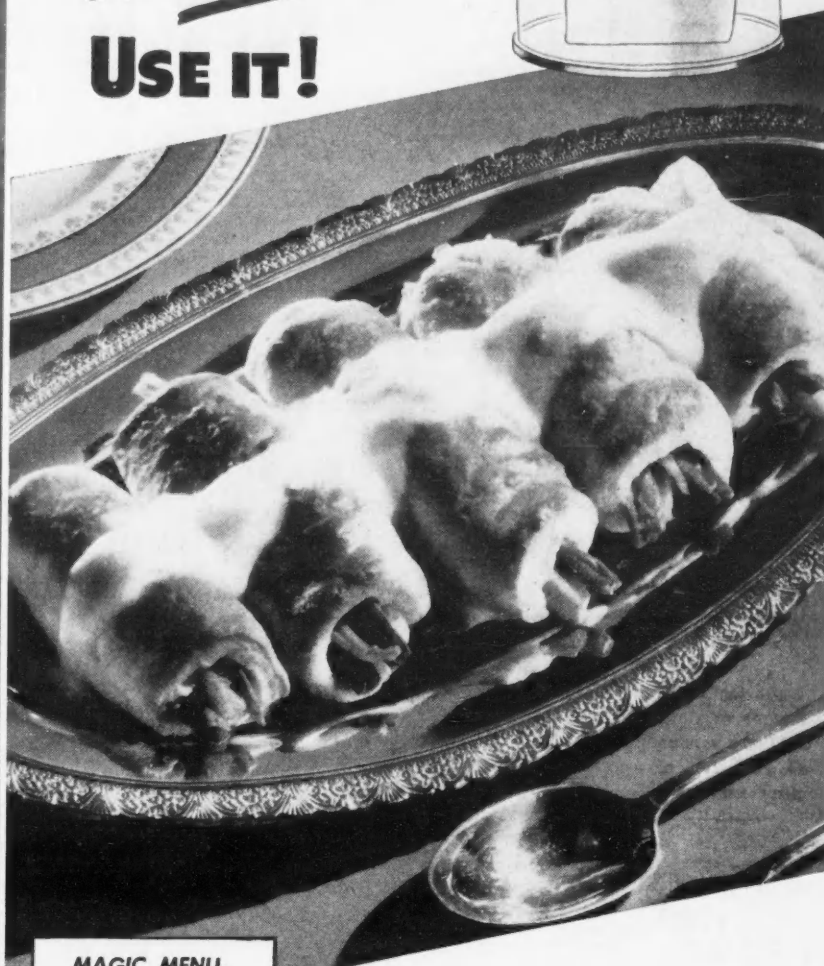
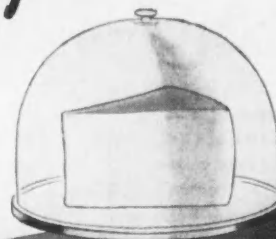


Courtesy Robert Simpson Co., Toronto

Wren June Holt of Montreal offers samples of the concentrated food (chocolate and biscuits) to George Boynett, ordinary seaman, and Sam Wheeler, leading seaman (right), on a visit to Canadian Naval Exhibition.

CANADA has a good stock of CHEESE

USE IT!



MAGIC MENU-OF-THE-MOMENT

Magic Vegetable Cheese Rolls
Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Apple and Nut Salad
Baked Custard

Serves: 4—5

Estimated Cost: 74¢

Magic Vegetable Cheese Rolls Make Delicious Meatless Meal

These Vegetable Cheese Rolls, made of easy-to-get ingredients, really "hit the spot". So tasty and so good, made with Magic!

Magic makes all baked dishes light and tender and helps cut down food costs too. Ensures against baking failures. Saves precious ingredients. Be sure Magic is always on your kitchen shelf—it's a baking powder you can trust!

VEGETABLE CHEESE ROLLS

2 cups sifted flour	½ lb. whole cooked string beans
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	3 tbs. chopped onions
1 tsp. salt	3 tbs. shredded green pepper
2 to 4 tbs. shortening	Melted butter
⅔ to ¾ cup milk	Seasonings to taste
½ lb. of whole cooked carrots	

Sift dry ingredients together and run in shortening. Add milk to make soft dough. Turn out and knead lightly on floured board. Roll out to ¼ inch thickness, cut into 3 inch squares. Quarter the cooked carrots lengthwise. Combine all vegetables with melted butter and season to taste. Place portion of vegetables on each dough square. Wrap dough around vegetables; press edges together firmly. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (450° F.) ten to twelve minutes. Cheese Sauce: Melt two tablespoons of butter, add the same amount of flour. Cook. Stir in a cup of cold milk; cook until thick, stirring constantly. Simmer three minutes, add seasonings. Add a half cup of grated cheese, and stir over low heat until melted.



MADE IN CANADA

Spode STARTER SET

FLORENCE

The graceful scrolls and soft coloring are of Italian Renaissance origin. Done on the Charlotte shape with its graceful flutings Florence is a pattern that is appropriate for any period and for all occasions.

There is a Spode dealer near you—write for his name.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

COPELAND & DUNCAN, LIMITED, 222 Bay St., Toronto



20 PIECE SERVICE FOR 4 PEOPLE

4 Dinner Plates 4 Bread and Butter Plates
4 Salad Plates 4 Teacups and Saucers

\$23.80

ADDITIONS AVAILABLE FROM OPEN STOCK

ENJOY
THE FINER FLAVOUR OF
OGILVIE OATS

*They Taste Better
They ARE Better*



IF IT'S
"OGILVIE"
IT'S
GOOD!

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

ECZEMA ITCHING

For speedy relief from the torture of Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Itching Toes and Feet, try Emerald Oil on our guarantee of results or money back.

At All Druggists

EMERALD OIL
GREASELESS STAINLESS
PROMOTES HEALING



Hair OFF

Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mine, Annette Lanzetta, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C-294, Toronto, Canada.

room, so that the rope is several inches above the floor, but slack enough to touch the ground when stepped on. Divide the children into two teams and give the captain of each a small parasol, a cane, or balloon to hold. At the word "go" she must walk along the rope, holding the parasol above her head. Then when she reaches the end of the rope, she hands the parasol to the second member of the team, who must repeat the performance and in turn pass it to the next child. The first team through, wins the contest. Of course if the player steps off the rope she must return and start over again, which causes much lost time, but a lot of fun.

For a "sit-down" game, have the children sit in a circle—on chairs or on the floor—and blindfold them. Then pass several objects for each child to feel and identify by touch if possible. An apple, an orange, piggy-bank, rubber ball and other articles with which the youngsters are familiar should be chosen for this. A variation or an addition to the game is to have the children judge by the sense of smell, using such things as soap, toothpaste, orange and other things with well-known odors.

Alternate romping and quiet games in the children's interest—and your own self defense.

PARTY MENUS

Menu One

Pea Timbales
Cheese Sandwiches on Whole-wheat Bread
Diced Oranges and Apples in Orange Baskets
Plain Cookies Hot Cocoa

Menu Two

Creamy Egg and Cheese Melange
Lettuce Sandwiches
Ice Cream Sponge Cake
Pink Lemonade

Menu Three

Canned Pear Halves Stuffed with Cottage Cheese and Red Jelly Garnish
Lettuce and Grated Carrot Sandwiches
Hot Gingerbread Squares with Whipped Evaporated Milk

Pea Timbales

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of pulp from green peas
1 Egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of grated onion
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of mace
Few grains of cayenne

Rub canned peas through a strainer to make the pulp. Add the well-beaten egg, milk and seasonings. Put in individual buttered molds or custard cups, cover and set in a pan of hot water. Cook in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.—until firm. Or steam like a custard. Unmold and serve with a white sauce to which canned peas are added. Four servings.

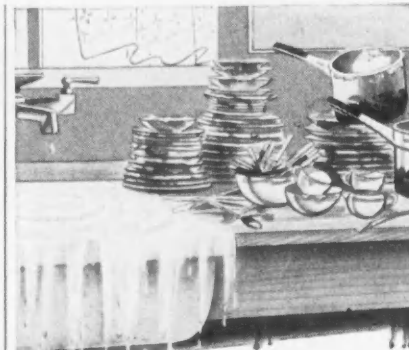
Creamy Egg and Cheese Melange

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

4 Eggs
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of milk or $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{1}{3}$ cupful of water
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of white cream cheese or creamed cottage cheese
1 Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of white pepper

Beat the eggs slightly in the top part of a double boiler, add the milk and

Continued on page 63



**DISHES PILING UP
DRAINS CLOGGED—**

Quick-use GILLETT'S

NOTHING is more maddening than a sinkful of greasy dish-water that won't run out. And so unnecessary! Gillett's Lye, poured full strength once a week down the drains, keeps them clear and clean and flowing freely.

Gillett's saves the day in the bathroom too. Flushes away toilet stains, leaves porcelain gleaming white. No dirt is too much for Gillett's—it makes all household cleaning loads easier. Get some today!



MADE IN CANADA

FREE BOOKLET: Send to Standard Brands, Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont., for Free Gillett's Lye Booklet that shows ways to make housework easier, pleasanter.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

"TIRED" ALL THE TIME



She felt miserable—draggy—low in vitality—lower in spirits. She hadn't thought of her kidneys, until a friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. At once she took Dodd's. The "washed out" feeling was soon replaced by clear headed energy and restful sleep. Headache, backache, lassitude and

other signs of faulty kidneys disappeared. 112M

Dodd's Kidney Pills

WANTED! Energetic, ambitious men and women as Local Representatives. If you have been unable to find regular employment; if you have spare time you can use to earn extra dollars, our plan will be of real interest. Write for details.

Local Representatives Dept.
FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

BUS-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY
Use D.D.D. Prescription
Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles

35c Bottle, at druggists proves it or money back

Make your wartime meals glow with appetite appeal

Now, when proper nutrition is so important, and when time for meal-preparation is so often limited, Canadian housewives appreciate more and more the magic power of Heinz "aids-to-appetite" to give sparkle and zest to war-time menus.

AS THE sternness of war-time conditions narrows the choice of foods, and greater emphasis is placed on nutrition, the daily problem of "what to give them next" grows more difficult. But war-time menus need not be monotonous or dull. The goodness of Heinz "aids-to-appetite" will give life and colour to any meal. Even to plain or quick-to-fix dishes they add the flavour and palatability that make appetites positively sing for more.



Serve the basic foods—eggs, cheese, fruits, vegetables, fish—in salads made sparkling with the unrivalled tang of dressings perfected with Heinz aged-in-the-wood Vinegars.

Or serve these foods in sandwich form, enriched with a thrifty, delicious touch of Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili Sauce, or Heinz Tomato Chutney—the world's most famous condiments,



made with red-ripe, pedigreed tomatoes picked, cooked, and bottled in a day.

Even left-overs and cheaper cuts of meat will taste like a chef's creation if you serve them with Heinz "57" Beefsteak Sauce, or Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, and Heinz Mustards. And, of course, serve Heinz Pickles to give the crowning touch.

Under present conditions, you may not *always* find your favourite Heinz variety on your grocer's shelf. In this case, we suggest that you make a selection from the other Heinz varieties he has in stock. Whichever you choose, you will find the same perfection of quality and taste-satisfaction that has made the name of Heinz world-famous for more than 70 years.

57



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.

MEALS of the MONTH

FOR MARCH

Make these Foods for Fitness the basis of your daily menu plans.



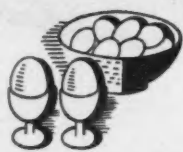
3 glasses of milk. Pasteurized whole milk, skimmed or canned evaporated.



1 serving of potatoes and 2 servings of green-leaf or yellow vegetables.



1 serving of tomatoes or citrus fruit or 1 serving of tomato or citrus fruit juice.



1 egg or an egg at least three or four times a week.



1 serving of meat, fish, or meat substitute, such as cheese.



4-6 slices of whole wheat or Canada Approved bread, with butter. 1 serving of cereal.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1. Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Mustard Pickles Hashed Brown Potatoes Fresh Rhubarb Drop Cakes Tea Cocoa	Meat and Vegetable Pie Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots Steamed Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	17. Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jam Tea	Fish Cakes with Egg Sauce Carrot Strips Stewed Prunes Tea Cookies Cocoa	Soybean Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Spinach Creamed Onions Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
2. Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Onion on Brown Toast Celery Hearts Fresh Coffee Cake Tea Honey Cocoa	Stuffed Beef Heart Creamed Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Broiled Grapefruit Coffee Tea	18. Grapefruit Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Grilled Bologna Slices Mustard Scalloped Potatoes Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Cheese and Pea Soufflé Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee Tea
3. Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Sardine Salad Prunes Tea Cookies Cocoa	Casserole of Lima Beans with Tomatoes and Cheese Baked Carrots Spinach Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	19. Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Gingerbread Cup Cakes Cream Cheese Tea Cocoa	Grapefruit Cocktail Codfish Cakes Tomato Sauce Peas and Carrots Celery Sticks Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
4. Canned Tomatoes Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Hot Sausage Rolls Chili Sauce Coleslaw Canned Peas Tea Cookies Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Ice Cream Coffee Wafers Tea	20. Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Brown Bread Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Liver and Sausages Creamed Potatoes Raw Beet Salad Crackers and Cheese Coffee Tea
5. Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Clam Chowder Soda Biscuits Lettuce Salad Orange Bread Tea Cream Cheese Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Scalloped Finnan Haddie Baked Potatoes Peas Baked Indian Pudding Coffee Tea	21. (Sunday) Orange and Lemon Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Wafers Raw Vegetable Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Parsley Carrots Almond Blancmange with Cream Coffee Tea
6. Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Barley Soup Cold Sliced Meat Pan Browned Potatoes Mixed Fruit Cup Orange Bread (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Vegetables Mashed Potatoes Shredded Green Salad Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	22. Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Soybean Patties Crusty Rolls Canned Plums Molasses Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Roast Lamb Mashed Potatoes Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
7. (Sunday) Tomato Juice Waffles Coffee Syrup Tea	Rice with Chicken- Asparagus Sauce Apple and Grape Salad Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Short Ribs of Beef Baked Potatoes Parsnips Berry Cobbler Coffee Tea	23. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sausages Pan-fried Potatoes Mixed Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie with Biscuit Crust Boiled Cabbage Scalloped Potatoes Floating Island Coffee Tea
8. Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Bread Canned Berries Tea Cookies Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Shepherd's Pie Harvard Beets Spinach and Lettuce Salad Steamed Fruit Dumpling Coffee Tea	24. Orange Sections Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jelly Tea	Spinach with Poached Egg Toast Johnny Cake Tea Syrup Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Herring Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Deep Raisin and Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
19. Grapefruit Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Chopped Beef and Potato Croquettes Onion Gravy Shredded Lettuce and Carrot Salad Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Brown Betty Maple Sauce Coffee Tea	25. Cereal with added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Bean Soup Tomato Jelly and Cottage Cheese Salad Apple Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Barley Pudding Coffee Tea
10. Stewed Prunes Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Crackers Cheese Sandwiches Apple Sauce Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Grilled Ciscos Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli or Spinach Blancmange with Orange Sections Coffee Tea	26. Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Plain Omelet Jam Tea	Fried Smelts with Lemon Potato Cakes Individual Baked Custards with Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Crackers Stuffed Egg and Celery Salad Carrot Sticks Pear Upside-down Ginger- bread Coffee Tea
11. Apple Sauce (from Wednesday) Cereal Biscuits Coffee Syrup Tea	Kidney Stew Toast Canned Peaches with Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Fried Bologna Onion Pie Parsley Potatoes Carrots Prunes and Custard Coffee Tea	27. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Sliced Cooked Meats Diced Vegetable Salad Scones Tea Syrup Cocoa	Beef and Liver Loaf Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea
12. Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Vegetable and Hard-cooked Egg Salad Cup Cakes Peach Juice Sauce Tea Cocoa	Noodle Ring with Haddock in Cheese Sauce Spinach Braised Celery Cherry Pie Coffee Tea	28. (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	Toasted Club Sandwiches Pickles Diced Fresh Pineapple Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Scalloped Apple Browned Potatoes Cabbage and Carrot Slaw Steamed Carrot Pudding Coffee Tea
13. Canned Tomatoes Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Stuffed Baked Potatoes Rennet Custard with Fruit Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Potatoes Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	29. Orange Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Onions in Cheese Sauce on Toast Baked Apples with Jelly Tea Cocoa	Pea Soup Spiced Boiled Tongue Hashed Brown Potatoes Green Beans Blancmange Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
14. (Sunday) Diced Oranges Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Jellied Veal or Tongue Relishes Potato Salad Hot Rolls Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Chicken Baked Potatoes Mashed Parsnips and Carrots Creamy Rice Mold Coffee Tea	30. Stewed Apples Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Tongue Potato Salad Radishes Canned Peaches Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Beef Stew Dumplings Mashed Turnips Baked Indian Pudding Coffee Tea
15. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Baked Apples with Mincemeat or Jelly Tea Cocoa	Sausages Fried Apple Slices Creamed Potatoes Sauerkraut or Coleslaw Raspberry Rolypoly Coffee Tea	31. Cereal with added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tomato Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Stewed Apples and Cake (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Buttered Beets Cauliflower Spanish Cream with Sliced Oranges Coffee Tea
16. Apple Sauce Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Pear and Orange Salad Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa	Cream of Corn Soup Liver and Onions Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Coffee Tea			

Soybean meat loaf —
Recipe on page 63

Onion Pie — double crust pie filled with sliced onions, one egg and a tablespoonful of milk. Bake and cut like apple pie.

Floating Island — custard sauce poured over peaches or other fruit. Garnish with meringue and serve chilled.

soybean butter and butter for every half cup of these ingredients the recipe calls for. It can be used in many other recipes as a nutritious substitute for peanut butter, using slightly less fat and slightly less soybean butter and a little more salt, if salt is called for.

Nuts are not likely to be plentiful or low enough in price to suit all budgets. Why not try some salted soybeans? See recipe below.

The 1942 crop of soybeans was the largest ever harvested in Canada. Thanks to the staffs of the Experimental Stations that have been doing research for some years in an attempt to obtain hardy varieties, soybeans can now be grown in Canada in most localities where corn will grow. This means that certain varieties will mature in fairly northern areas, and makes a new important vegetable seed available to farmers and gardeners. The yellow soybean is the kind most often used for the table. (Certain varieties in this large bean family are not edible.)

HERE ARE some recipes from the Chatelaine Institute to make you better acquainted with this interesting newcomer to Canadian tables.

Soybean Goulash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of soaked soybeans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of salt pork, cut in cubes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped onion
- 1 Cupful of tomatoes
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt

Wash and soak about $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of soybeans overnight. Boil the beans gently with the pork cubes and onions until tender—about 2 or 3 hours. When the beans are tender, remove the cover from the pan and let them cook uncovered to evaporate most of the water. Add the tomatoes and seasonings and let simmer for about five minutes longer.

Soybean Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $3\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of cooked soybeans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of diced salt pork
- 2 Cupfuls of chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped onions
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whole wheat flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk or $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful of whole-wheat bread crumbs

Wash and soak about $1\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls of soybeans overnight. Cook until tender and drain. Brown the diced pork in a frying pan, add the celery, pepper and onions, cooking slowly for a few minutes and stirring to keep from sticking. Heat the milk and stir in the flour and salt which have been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Combine the sauce, vegetables and soybeans until well mixed. Pour into a greased casserole and cover with the bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Soybean Meat Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of ground meat
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of soybean pulp
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of cracker or bread crumbs
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1 Cupful of white sauce or canned condensed soup

Wash and soak the soybeans overnight. Cook until tender—about 2 hours—drain, and put through grinder. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and bake in a greased loaf pan at 400 deg. Fahr. for 50 to 60 minutes.

Soybean Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of whole-wheat flour
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of sifted soybean flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of milk, or $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of water
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then add the milk and melted shortening. Lastly add the well-beaten eggs. Fill greased muffin tins two thirds full, and bake in a moderately hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for twenty to thirty minutes

Toasted Salted Soybeans

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Wash and soak dried soybeans overnight in cold water. Drain and spread out at room temperature until the surface is dry. Fry a few at a time in deep fat at 350 deg. Fahr. for 8 or 10 minutes. Or coat the beans with oil and brown in the oven at 375 deg. Fahr.

Drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt while still warm. +

The First Party :: Continued from page 58

melted butter and the cheese which has been thoroughly creamed. Season with the salt and pepper and place over hot (not boiling) water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until the mixture is uniformly creamy throughout. Serve at once.

Chopped Parsley and Cream Cheese Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Mash cheese with a little milk to make smooth and the right consistency for spreading. Add chopped parsley.

Spread generously on slices of bread from which the crusts are removed, then roll up, wrap in waxed paper and keep cool until ready to serve. Cut the rolls in suitable sizes for serving.

Ice Cream Top-off

Cut rounds of sponge or plain cake, about one-half inch thick. Top with canned peach halves, hollow side up then fill the centres with spoonfuls of vanilla or chocolate ice-cream. Pour a little peach juice over all. +

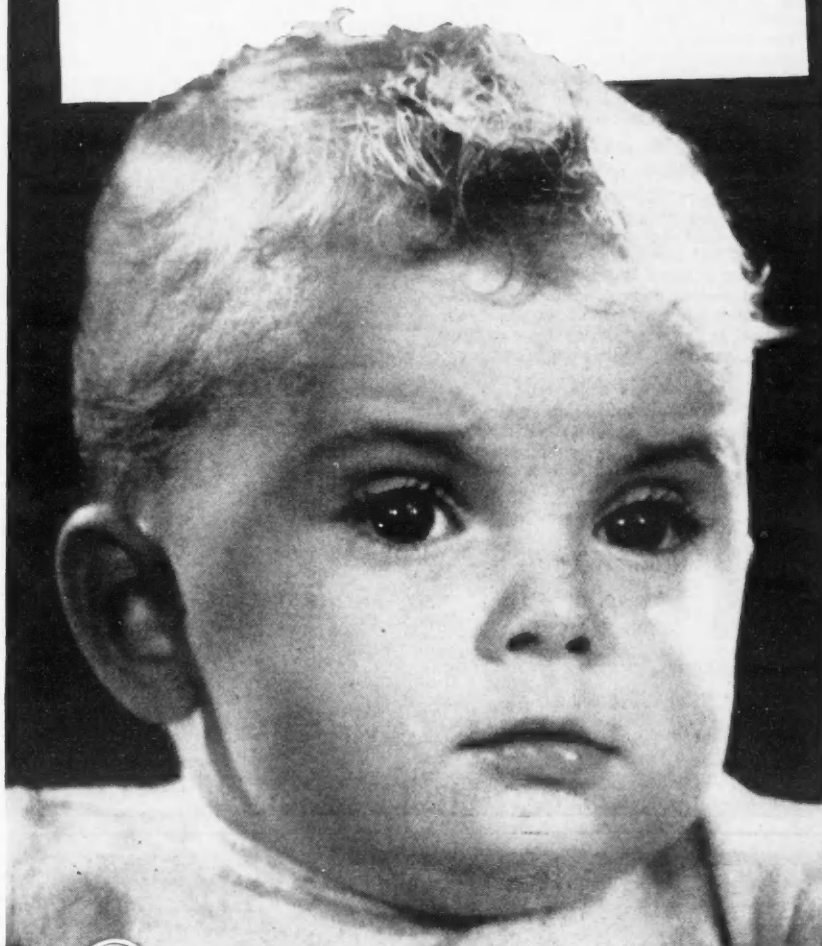
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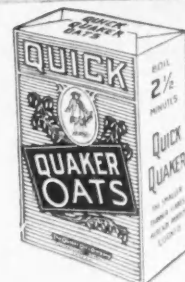
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SOYBEANS



*They're New . . .
. . . They're Versatile*

By G. Irene Todd

A NEW recruit has joined up ready to serve in the front line of Canada's food supplies, and to substitute for meats, peanut butter, nuts, pork and beans, and several other items which homemakers now find difficult to procure. That versatile vegetable, the soybean, is really a lot of good things in a small package. It is a nutritious food for man and beast; plays a big role in plastics, releasing metals for purposes of war, and before long may provide a new kind of rubber. Think of it: the family car doing forty on soybean tires!

Soybeans have a higher food value than the common table bean, being richer in protein than almost any other known food. They are also good sources of fat and of such important mineral elements as calcium, phosphorus and iron. The fresh green soybeans are very rich in Vitamin A, the vitamin that promotes growth, increases resistance to infectious diseases and prevents certain eye diseases; they are also a good source of the nerve protector, Vitamin B, and of riboflavin (Vitamin G), an aid to growth and normal nutrition. In addition to the protein, fat and mineral elements, dried soybeans are also good sources of Vitamin B and G, and, in lesser degree, Vitamin A. With all this to their credit, soybeans are climbing rapidly into the limelight, and wise homemakers are adding them to their list of "musts" for table use.

Soybean flour made from whole soybeans has the protein value and many of the other virtues of dried soybeans. It can be purchased, packed in cartons, in all large centres, and grocers in smaller places can easily

procure it for customers. Like some other flours or meals, it is best to purchase soybean flour by the package rather than in larger quantities, as it stores to better advantage, especially if the user lives in a locality where there is lots of moisture. Soybean flour should be tightly covered and stored in a cool dry place.

SUCCESSFULLY used in the manufacture of bread, biscuits, pastry and candy, including chocolate bars, soybean flour is low in starch and improves the nutritive value of these and of other foods. Though in home baking the amount of soybean flour varies slightly for each recipe, it can always be used in the proportion of one fourth soybean flour to three fourths wheat flour in standard recipes.

Used in place of the white or navy bean, the soybean gives greater food value. It makes a delicious bean soup, and a few soybeans in any vegetable soup or stew improve the quality and flavor.

Soybeans roasted or toasted will make a spread that closely resembles peanut butter in appearance and texture and is very like it in flavor. It may soon be manufactured in large quantities in Canada, perhaps in peanut butter plants as the supply of peanuts dwindles.

Toasted soybean butter has been used successfully in many ways to replace peanut butter. In sandwiches, alone or in combination with honey or pickles, it fools the people all of the time! They think they are eating peanut butter. The soybean butter may be used in peanut butter cookie recipes, using only one quarter of a cup each of



HERE'S WHAT TO DO

- 1 You can take your fat drippings, scrap fat and bones to your meat dealer. He will pay you the established price for the dripping and the scrap fat. If you wish, you can turn this money over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee or Registered Local War Charity, or—
- 2 You can donate your fat dripping, scrap fat and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee if they collect them in your community, or—
- 3 You can continue to place out your Fats and Bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in effect.

SF 434

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



The Critical First Year

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

THE CARE that your baby receives largely determines how well he will weather his important first year. Good care includes many different factors. He needs medical supervision to make sure that his body is healthy and that he is receiving food suitable for his requirements. He needs to be immunized against certain diseases and protected from many others. He needs the best physical care to keep him healthy and comfortable. He needs plenty of sleep, exercise, fresh air and sunshine. Besides all this, he needs affection and suitable training.

As often as he considers necessary—and the intervals are usually quite short—your physician will want to check over your infant to make sure that all his body is functioning normally and that he is thriving. The doctor alone can tell if all is well. You would be wise to weigh your baby on a beam type of scale about once a week during his first six months and every fortnight for the rest of the year. More frequent weighings are unnecessary and are apt to make you worry needlessly. Take these weights with you when you go to see your doctor. A normal child should gain weight right along, although the rate at which he gains varies at different ages. Babies grow most quickly during their first three months; after that their rate of gain gradually slackens. Stationary weight in a child is just as significant as loss of weight in an adult. It means something is wrong, and it should be thoroughly looked into.

You should feed your baby only what your doctor orders. It is dangerous for you yourself to work out your baby's formulas unless of course you are living in a very isolated part of Canada and compelled to shoulder this responsibility. The trouble is that every baby is different. Often he can tolerate an overrich feeding for some time and you think you are doing nicely. Then all of a sudden he becomes violently upset, and you and your physician may have a hard time straightening out his digestion again. A mother can't know the details of the essential food needs of her infant and therefore she should not try to plan out his feedings. Besides knowing the fundamental principles, your physician has had practical experience in feeding many babies, and you can't hope to compete with that.

SOMETIMES mothers wonder whether it is essential to give regularly the fish liver oil which their doctors prescribe for their babies. Sometimes they don't remember to give it consistently. As far as the babies are concerned, the essential

part in these fish oils is the Vitamin D. Babies, of course, grow quickly, which means that their bones are increasing both in length and breadth rapidly. Bones are hard because they contain large amounts of lime (calcium) combined with phosphorus. Baby gets lots of these two substances in his milk, but unless he gets his Vitamin D regularly he cannot use them well, and as a result his bones are not properly formed. When this occurs the trouble is called rickets. When it is severe the bones are so weak that they become badly deformed resulting in bow legs, knock knees, and other such abnormalities. Severe rickets such as this is almost unknown now in Canada, but mild rickets is still fairly common. We want our babies to be as well developed as possible, and the only way you can be sure that they'll have first-class bones is by giving them the fish liver oil that your doctor orders. It is best to start with a small amount for the first few days and then rapidly increase it to the full amount prescribed.

Baby needs orange juice, tomato juice, or if these upset him (which is rare) pure ascorbic acid or Vitamin C. This vitamin is present, of course, in both these juices—the orange juice being a little more than twice as rich in it as the tomato juice. There are other valuable substances in the juices too. We give this vitamin to babies to prevent them from developing a painful and serious disease called scurvy. If you ever saw a baby with scurvy you would never forget it. There is a good reason for giving every food that your physician adds as your baby grows older. For example, the vegetables and egg yolk help to keep your baby's blood rich and red. It is important to teach baby to eat them all.

THE COMMONEST illnesses in babies under one year of age are of two different kinds. The first kind includes colds, ear and chest diseases. The best you can do for your baby here is to prevent him from catching them. Don't let anyone with a cold go near him, don't take him into crowded places such as stores and streetcars, because there'll be sure to be someone with a cold about. A cold that is very mild in an adult may



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From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
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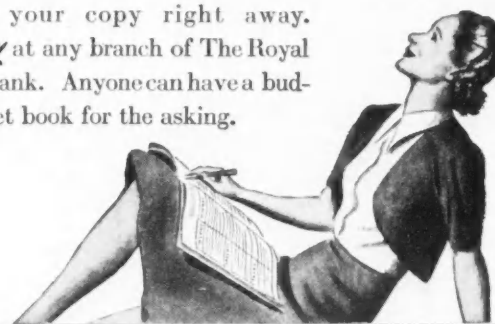


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MRS. TODD SAYS MUSTARD WILL HELP

Fight Colds..

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Makes Mustard Plaster Fairly Strong

"I mix three tablespoons of flour with two tablespoons of mustard and add enough cold water to make a smooth paste. That makes a fairly strong plaster, but I leave it on only about ten minutes—long enough to do the work—and then I put a little oil on the chest. If that is repeated every three or four hours, it will help relieve the breathing."

Break That Cold!

From early Fall until late Spring no one should take a chance with colds. An excellent way to help counteract them is to take a good hot mustard bath before going to bed at night.

Then, if the cold has not been broken up, stay in bed a few days and use mustard poultices to help keep the tubes open and the breathing clear. Always call in a doctor to treat a serious illness.

Let mustard help to relieve you when you have chills or colds, or when you feel depressed by grippe or some other Winter infection. Use it to help relieve pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, arthritis, overtired muscles or other ailments which commonly affect you.

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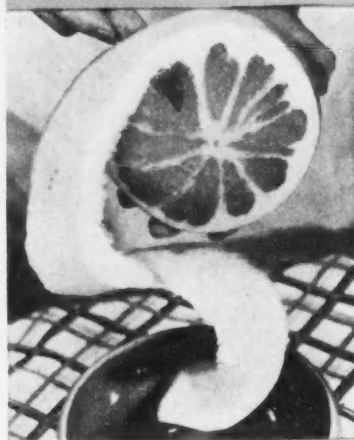
Two kinds: "Original" Campana for extra dry, extra sensitive skin. "Improved" Campana for less dry, less sensitive skin. Both kinds, 35¢.



35¢

Campana's ITALIAN Balm

Grapefruit for Vitamin C



It's easy to peel a grapefruit if you go the right way about it. With a sharp knife, cut off the rind in a circular sawing motion, cutting deep enough to remove the white membrane with the peel.



Perfect sections can be removed from the peeled grapefruit by cutting along the side of each dividing membrane to the core. Then the sections can be lifted out easily.



Nice arrangement makes a grapefruit salad taste even better. Color contrast is provided by the greenery and any additions—cheese, fruit, vegetable—you care to make. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

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COUGHS-COLDS
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and stay on the job!

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**BUILD UP
RED BLOOD!**



And Also Relieve Distress of
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Pinkham's Tablets are also very helpful to relieve distress of female functional disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms.

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For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 205 Tucker St., Lynn, Mass.

see the performance the child will soon stop the commotion.

Children really do not learn how to play with each other until after the age of two and when the boy slaps and otherwise disturbs the other children it is partly that he doesn't know what are the results of his actions. He doesn't realize to some extent that hitting hurts, in other words. If he doesn't play properly with the other children, you will have to take him away and put him off by himself, and I think that will soon teach him to play reasonably.

I would advise that you avoid corporal

punishment as much as possible because it usually makes matters worse rather than better, and you should keep the children apart if one of them is injuring the other. There is a book by Blatz and Bott called "Parents and the Pre-School Child" (published by Dent & Co.) that I think you would find helpful.

No prescriptions or feeding formulas can be given by mail, but Dr. Robertson would be glad to advise you on the care of your child. Write to her in care of Child Health Clinic, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. +

Index of Advertisers for March

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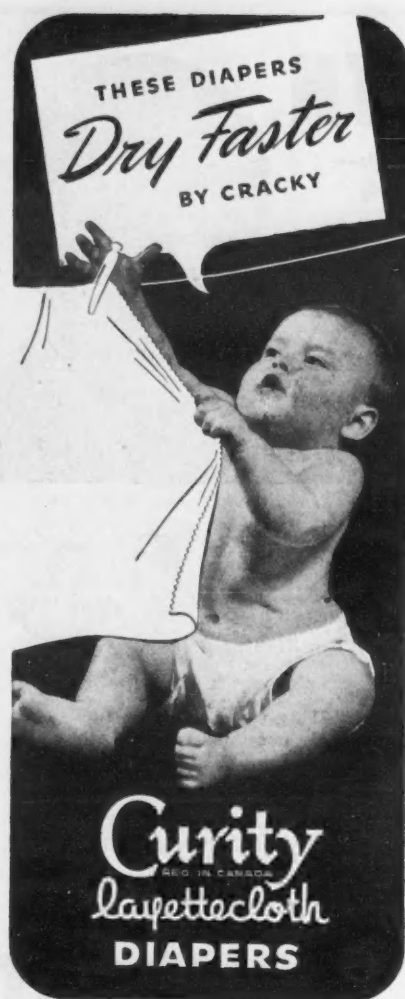


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make baby very ill. If he does catch a cold, be on your guard at once. Consult your doctor and do exactly what he says, but in the meantime don't put baby outside to sleep, give him a sponge bath instead of his usual tub, and keep him comfortably warm but not too hot. Strong, well-cared-for babies do not develop ear or chest infections nearly as often as those who have been given only casual care.

The second kind of trouble that is the bane of young infants affects their digestion. This is more apt to occur in the summertime, probably because our digestive system does not function so well when the weather is hot and humid. Many of these upsets are due to germs, which don't bother adults much, but which can make baby really sick. Again there are several ways in which we can protect our infants from them. These germs may be carried on the feet of houseflies. Therefore our houses should be thoroughly screened. You should also have a mosquito-netting cover for junior's carriage, preferably with elastic around the lower edge, so that you can take it off and on easily. This will prevent the filthy flies from crawling over his face while he sleeps.

Then you should keep all his feeding materials well beyond the reach of any flies that do elude your precautions and get into the house. Before you make up his feedings scrub your hands thoroughly with soap and warm water for five minutes. Boil in a large covered preserving kettle all the utensils that you are going to use, including the clean bottles, corks, measuring spoons, metal graduate and funnel. If you boil up two large metal forks with their handles projecting out of the water, you can use them when the water has cooled slightly for lifting out the other utensils. After measuring out the required amounts of milk, water and sweetening material needed for the day's feedings, bring the mixture to the boil, then bottle it at once in the freshly boiled bottles. Cork them with the boiled corks and then cool the bottles rapidly by putting them in a large pot of hot water and rapidly cooling it by running cold water into it. As soon as they are cool, put them in the refrigerator. Always use a nipple that has been sterilized. All your efforts are aimed at preventing any germs from contaminating baby's feedings.

In the hot weather keep your infant as cool as possible. On very hot days a diaper only is sufficient clothing. When it isn't quite so hot a sleeveless cotton shirt and diaper is about right. Have baby sleep downstairs at night if it is cooler there. In the early evening he will need very little covering, after his ten o'clock feeding he will need a little more as the air becomes cooler before morning. Offer him unsweetened boiled water at least twice every day, an hour or so before a feeding. Two or three daily sponge baths with tepid water, in addition to his bath, will make him more comfortable and therefore help his digestion. On the hottest days he should be kept out of the sun. On the more moderate summer days, he should have his sunbath either early in the morning or late in the afternoon.

All these precautions will help your baby to escape serious digestive troubles. It is likely that your physician will reduce the strength of his feeding a little, although not the quantity to be given. If by chance your baby does develop some diarrhoea and vomiting,

get your physician's advice as soon as you can. These conditions should be nipped in the bud, otherwise they may become serious.

IT IS customary to vaccinate baby against smallpox at about six months of age. It is a very simple procedure and not at all dangerous. It protects your infant against smallpox, which, although uncommon, is still with us and is indeed a severe disease. When your baby is ready for school he should be vaccinated again to keep his resistance well up. This second vaccination usually causes much less reaction than the first.

Between his sixth and twelfth month he should be given the three injections of diphtheria toxoid to protect him from this disease, which is very serious at any age and especially for youngsters under five. When he goes to school he should have one more toxoid injection to step up or increase his supply of the protective antibodies. Vaccines to prevent whooping cough are also very worth while, for it too is a serious disease, and often babies and toddlers develop pneumonia after it.

After your infant has finished these treatments, none of which is dangerous, you should ask your physician about the toxoid which guards against lockjaw, and about the injections which make a child pretty well proof against scarlet fever.

It is extremely important to keep your little baby away from anyone with whooping cough. If you live in a locality where you have a good public health service and where your neighbors obey and respect the quarantine rules laid down by these guardians of the public health, you should feel grateful. Often the spread of this and other childhood diseases can be directly traced to a mother who was not on the alert when her own children became mildly ill, or who suspected what the trouble was but was unwilling to settle the matter by calling in her physician. Meanwhile half the children on the street caught it from her little Johnny.



Your Question Box

Question—I have three children, a girl, 3½ years; a boy, 2½ years, and another girl, 1½ years of age. We are having some difficulties with the youngsters. The oldest one seems to be trying to see how far she can go without doing what she is told. If something doesn't please her, she cries and jumps up and down. The boy, when his anger is aroused, hurls whatever is handy. He has real tantrums and slaps and yells if what I say doesn't please him. He pulls and scratches his sister. Lately I tried spanking him, but it only seemed to make him worse. Could you give me any advice as to how to handle my problem?—Mrs. C.F., Victoria, B.C.

Answer—As you know, all normal youngsters have temper tantrums. The way to treat them is not on any account to give in to the child as a result of the performance he is putting on. You are wise to pay as little attention as possible to the tantrums, and it would help too if you removed the child and put him off somewhere by himself where he has no spectators. If there is not anyone to



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Laura Lee Burroughs



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As the Editor Sees It

IN RUSSIA one large class of the community rates the adjective, "privileged." The best facilities for a happy life are made available to those in that class; they are protected, cared for in sickness and in health, they receive the little luxuries denied the rest of the population—and nobody objects. Who are these privileged characters? They are the children of Russia, numbered in many millions and ranging in age from the babies who are being born this month to the boys and girls in their teens.

In Britain children, babies and expectant mothers are given special consideration in the rationing of such precious commodities as milk, oranges, eggs, vitamin oils. (A Cabinet Minister can have one egg a month, a Glasgow slum child one a week.) Nurseries for pre-school children operate in every industrial area and relieve working mothers of their greatest worry. It is estimated that well over one million schoolchildren are now receiving scientifically balanced, well-cooked midday meals in school feeding centres. Hostels and recreational centres have been established to provide supervised play for youngsters after school.

In Canada the highest number of births in our country's history is accompanied by a proportionate rise in infant mortality figures. (See Page 12: "We are wasting babies in an appalling way.") The establishment of wartime day nurseries and after-school care in the industrial centres of Ontario and Quebec is still pretty much of a dream on paper, and, while municipal and provincial authorities bicker over budgets and the "eligibility" of the parents, juvenile

delinquency increases. Children's health is suffering because of unsupervised meals and what social workers fear is a "black market" in child labor, which offers a few dollars a week for piece-work and cuts into a boy's normal activities of study and recreation.

It isn't a pretty picture. Russia and Britain, waging an all-out war on their own soils and in their own skies, have yet had sufficient time and zeal and concern for their national destinies to look after their children. Here in Canada, thousands of miles from the combat zones, it seems we have been just a little too busy to care about what's happening to our youngest citizens. And although "it is later than we think"—to

quote the old sundial motto—it is never too late to attempt better things for our children. Dr. Robertson, in her article, suggests that women's clubs direct some of their energies to community improvement of maternal and infant health. Similarly, an aroused and thoroughly informed public opinion could demand immediate action on behalf of the thousands of neglected children in our industrial centres.

☆☆
CONSERVATION is the underlying theme of this issue—conservation of human values, babies and mothers, and of the staple commodities of life, too. You're going to be hearing the word more and more frequently during the next few months, as the need to tighten our belts, pull up our

socks, make over our clothes, and figure out something inspiring with yesterday's left-overs becomes ever more imperative.

And for goodness sake, let's be cheerful about it. Let's not get the idea that we're doing it just because someone in Ottawa says we should. Let's understand our personal right to victory will be measured by our individual investment in it NOW.

Mary-Elta Macpherson.



Malak

In the Sugar Bush

It's the time of the first harvest of the year, and the sweetest! Tall maple trees in the snow-blanketed bush are dripping their preliminary rush of sap into pails, and the boiling vats are giving off fragrant steam. Here's a young Quebecker enjoying Nature's candy—like the Two in the Bush on our cover, photographed in natural color by

Ralph E. Foster of Ottawa.

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